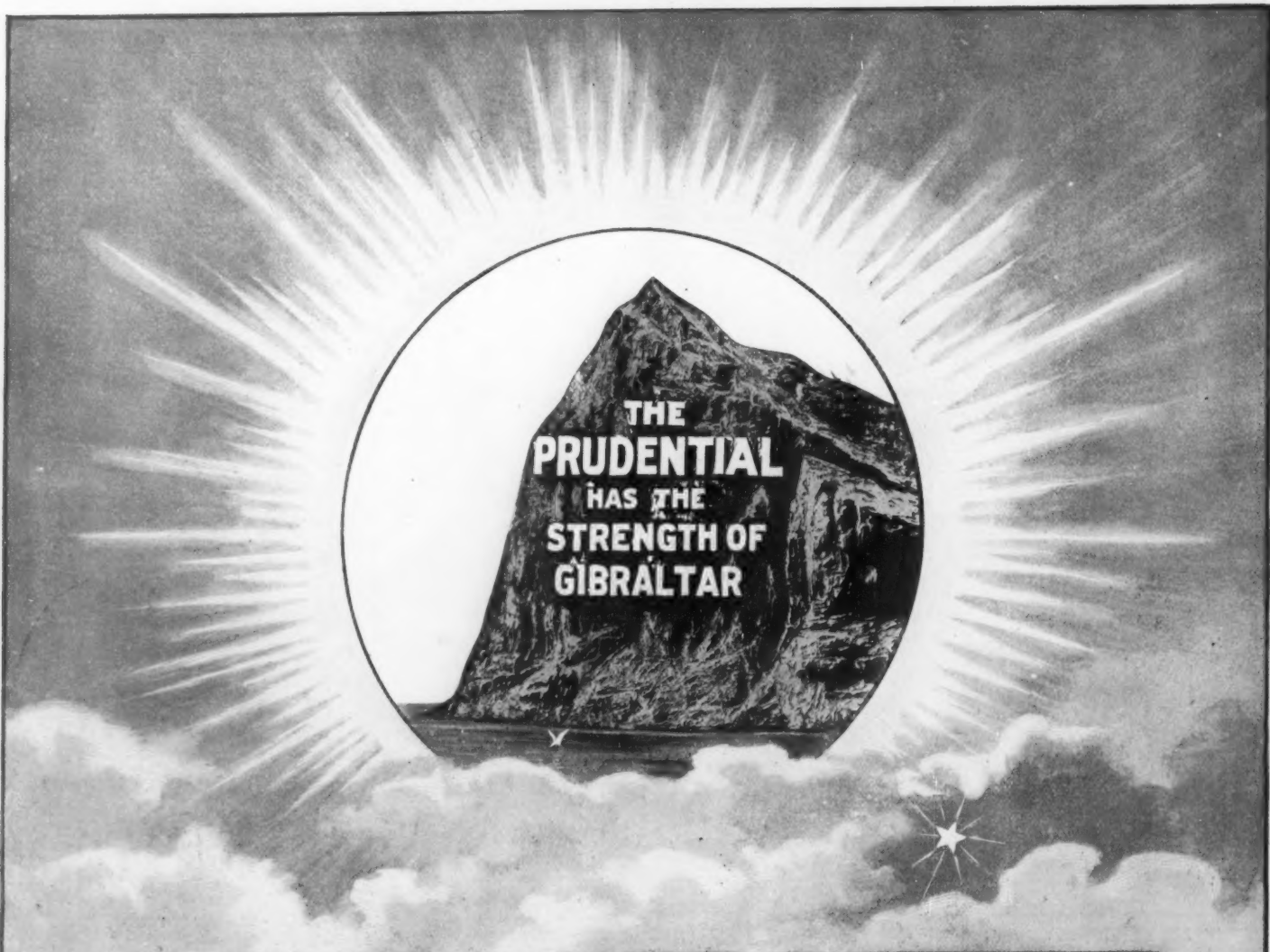




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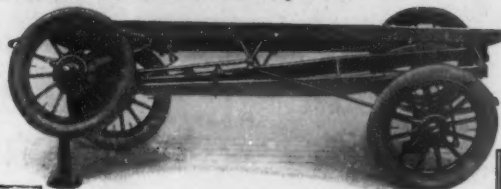
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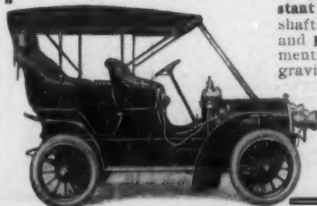
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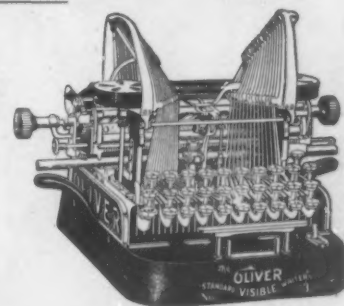
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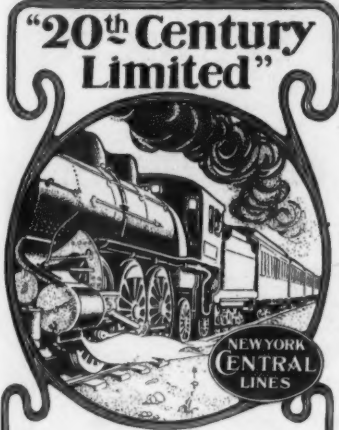
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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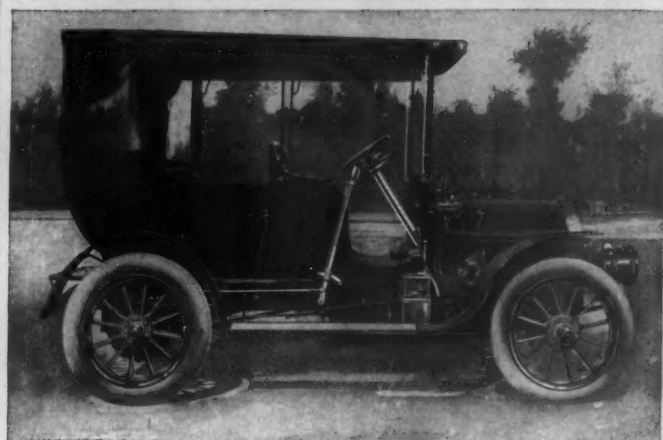
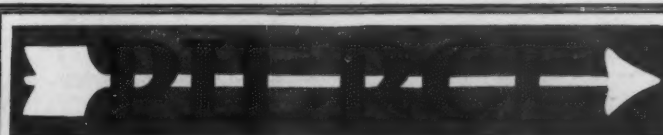
VOLUME XXXVI NUMBER 12 10 CENTS PER COPY \$5.20 PER YEAR

NEW YORK SATURDAY DECEMBER 16 1905

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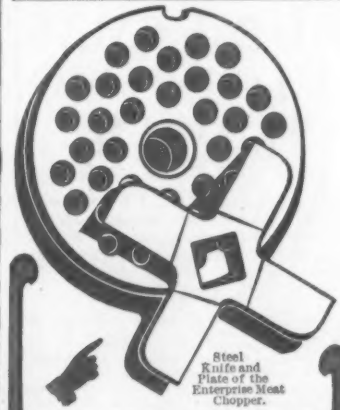
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Editorial Bulletin

New York, Saturday, December Sixteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Five

Collier's for Christmas

THIS number is devoted entirely to Christmas stories, poems, and pictures. The usual departments—"What the World is Doing" and the Editorials—are omitted in order that every page may reflect the holiday spirit that a Christmas Number should possess. And we hope we have succeeded in putting together a better Christmas Number than last year's or than ever before. We know we have a better collection of stories in this number than any single issue of COLLIER'S has ever contained, and we are quite content that our readers should compare the fiction of "COLLIER'S for Christmas" with the fiction in any of the December magazines. The magazines, as a rule, save their best stories to print in their Christmas Numbers,—so that it is quite fair to take these December issues as representative of the quality of the material that the monthlies have to offer.

SO also are the stories in the present issue of COLLIER'S representative of the material we have gathered for our readers. Three of these are essentially Christmas stories,—that is, descriptions of incidents occurring at Christmas time. This is the old-fashioned notion of what a Christmas Number should consist of; but we are willing to make that much concession to custom, because we have three such good Christmas stories,—"Agamemnon and the Fall of Troy," by Henry Wallace Phillips; "The Miracle of Tannhauser McGinnis," by Melville Chater, and "His Last Christmas Gift," by John Fox, Jr. And more, these stories are entirely different types of narrative. "Agamemnon" is frankly humorous, almost burlesque; "Tannhauser McGinnis" is pathetic and tender; the third tale is serious and grim. But there are few of us, probably, who will not find in our experiences on Christmas Day a mixture of all these emotions,—something of humor, something of pathos, something of tenderness and seriousness.

THE other two stories in this number have nothing whatever of the Christmas flavor. They are simply both good stories, and as such deserve to find a place in our best number of the year. They, too, like the Christmas tales, represent absolutely opposite types of fiction, and thus contribute to this number the variety which we are convinced it possesses. "Rasselas in the Vegetable Kingdom" is a delightful love story, beginning when the lovers were aged about ten and twelve respectively, and carried on to a very proper conclusion which it is hardly fair to hint at here. "For the Blood is the Life," on the other hand, is a creepy tale of Calabria, with a murder, a robbery, and a sort of vampire ghost. It is a tale of absorbing interest, and with a mystery that, even at the end, is left only partially cleared.

Next Week

NEXT week the stories will be just as varied in character, although not so numerous. There will only be two of them: "The Wolf of the City," by Edwin Balmer, and "The Signs of the Stars," by Owen Oliver. The first is a newspaper story,—the story of a reporter, interested in a great social scandal, who goes forth to secure the news, but falls in with circumstances which make him forego the writing of it. It is a tale of struggle and intrigue, with a compelling interest, and convincing in its portrayal of certain modern conditions. The second story, "The Signs of the Stars," is a picturesque and charming little tale of childhood. Mr. Oliver is at his best when writing of children and of their thoughts and motives. The pictures by Miss Jessie Willcox Smith are in harmony with the story,—just as Mr. Walter Appleton Clark's drawings make a strong exposition of the scenes described by Mr. Balmer. Photographically the number will be unusually rich. In addition to some excellent pictures of recent events in Warsaw, showing the vast crowds marching through the streets bearing banners with the White Eagle of free Poland upon them, and other pictures of current events printed in the news pages,—we intend to devote the double-page to a single large photograph of the opening of Congress. This photograph was made especially for COLLIER'S, in the House of Representatives, at the moment Speaker Cannon was being sworn in as Speaker. It is an impressive picture.

Patent Medicines Later

IT seems to us that stories of joy and little children are much more suitable to the Christmas season than articles on poisons and frauds. And so we are going to take the space which we had reserved for the next patent medicine article, "Preying on the Incurables," announced for publication next week, and devote it to more joyful topics. The patent medicine article can come later just as well, perhaps the week following, or two weeks hence. At any rate, its publication is postponed, probably until the issue of December 30. In this connection we desire to state that our advance notice of Mr. Adams's article on Liquezone was open to censure, as unjust in implication. In this crusade, which is a necessity and not a pleasure to us, we wish to do as little injustice in detail as is consistent with our own particular degree of fallibility. In the "Bulletin" of November 4 Liquezone was bunched with Peruna in a way decidedly unfair to the Chicago article, the implication being that Liquezone used "the red clause" and had deaths to conceal, neither of which is true. The fact that we find it necessary seriously to attack the whole foundation in principle of the patent medicine business, and the methods of its exploitation, leaves it emphatically our duty to see that slips in detail are eliminated to the fullest possible extent. Nevertheless, such errors in detail may occur again, and if they do they will be fully and immediately corrected.

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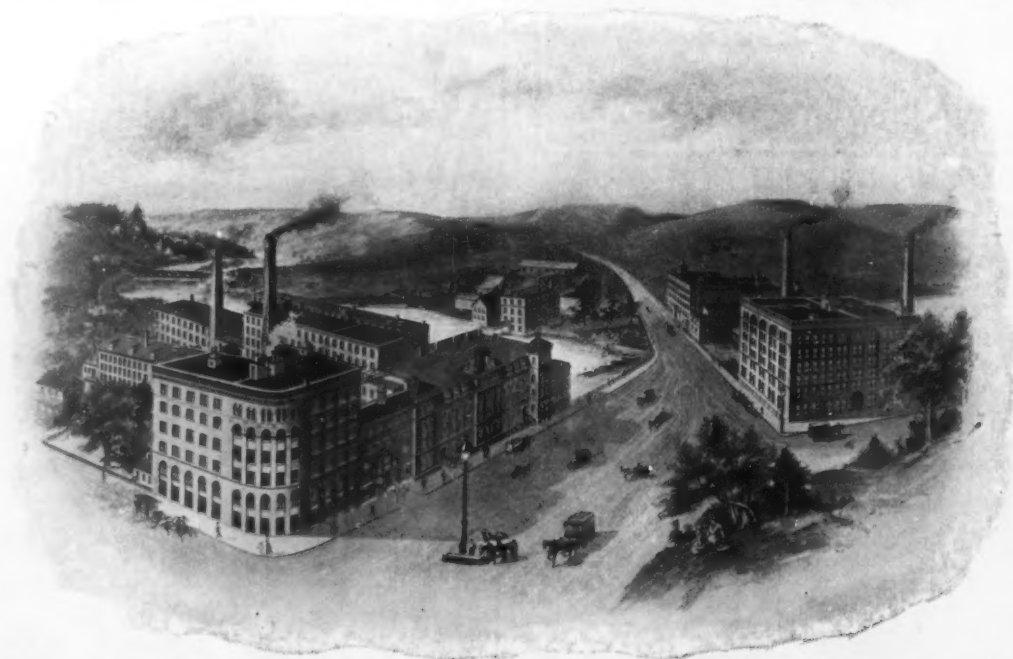
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GOING HOME TO SEE THE FOLKS

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

HIS LAST CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

THE sergeant got the wounded man to his feet and threw one arm around his waist. Then he all but carried him, stumbling along, with both hands clasped across his eyes, down the ravine that looked at night like some pit of hell. For along their path a thousand coke-ovens spat forth red tongues that licked northward with the wind, shot red arrows into the choking black smoke that surged up the mountain-side, and lighted with fire the bellies of the clouds rolling overhead.

"Whar you takin' me?"

"Hospital." The mountaineer stopped suddenly.

"Why, I can't see them ovens!"

"You come on, Jim." Next morning Jim lay on a cot with a sheet drawn to his chin and a grayish-yellow bandage covering forehead and eyes down to the tip of his nose. When the surgeon lifted that bandage the nurse turned her face aside, and what was under it, or rather what was not under it, shall not be told. Only out in the operating room the smooth-faced young assistant was curiously counting over some round leaden pellets, and he gave one low whistle when he pushed into a pile a full fourscore.

"He said he was a-lookin' through a keyhole," the sergeant reported, "an' somebody let him have it with both barrels—but that don't go. Jim wouldn't be lookin' through no keyhole—he'd bust the door down."

Nor could the sergeant learn more. He had found the man stumbling down Possum Hollow, and up that hollow the men and women of the mining camp did not give one another away.

"It might 'a' been any one of a dozen fellers I know," the sergeant said, for Jim was a feudsmen and had his enemies by the score.

The man on the cot said nothing. Once, to be sure, when he was crossing the border of Etherland, and once only, he muttered: "Yes, she was a cat, no doubt about that. Yes, sir, the old girl was a cat." But when he was conscious, that much even he never would say again. He simply lay grim, quiet, uncomplaining, and not even the surgeon, whose step he got quickly to know, could get him to tell who had done the deed.

On the fourth day he showed some cheer.

"Look here, Doc," he said, "when you goin' to take this rag off o' my eyes? I hain't seen a wink since I come in here."

"Oh, pretty soon," said the surgeon, and the nurse turned away again with drops in her eyes that would never be for his eyes to shed again.

On the sixth day his pulse was fast and his blood was high—and that night the nurse knew precisely what meant the look in the surgeon's face when he motioned her to leave the room. Then he bent to lift the bandage once more.

"Why don't you take 'em all off, Doc? I'd like to see the old girl again. Won't she come to see me?"

"Yes, she'll come, but she can't now—she's sick abed." The man grinned.

"Yes, I know them spells."

"Jim," said the surgeon suddenly, "I'm going to be very busy to-morrow, and if you've got any message to send to anybody or anything to say to me, you'd better say it before I go." He spoke carelessly, but with a little too much care.

The sheet moved over the hands clasped across Jim's breast. "Why, Doc, you don't mean to say—" He stopped and drew in one breath slowly.

"Oh, no, but you can't always tell, and I might not get back till late, and I thought you might have something to tell me about—" He paused helplessly, and the man on the cot began moving his lips. The surgeon bent low.

"Why, Doc," he said very slowly, "you—don't—really—mean—to—say—that the old—" his voice dropped to a whisper, "has finished me this time?"

"Who finished you, Jim—who'd you say finished you?"

A curious smile flitted over the coarse lips and passed. Then the lips tightened and the thought behind the bandage made its way to the surgeon's quick brain, and there was a long silence.

At last:

"D'you ever hear tell, Doc, of a woman bein' hung?"

"Yes, Jim."

And then:

"Doc, am I goin' shore?"

This question the surgeon answered with another, bending low.

"Jim, what message shall I give your wife?" The curious smile came back.

"Doc, this is Christmas, ain't it?"

"Yes, Jim."

"Doc, you're shore, air ye, that nobody knows who done it?"

"Nobody but you, Jim."

The man had been among men the terror of the hills for years, but on the last

words that passed his gray lips his soul must have swung upward toward the soul of the Man who lived and died for the peace of those hills.

"Doc," he said thickly, "you jus' tell the old girl Jim says, 'Happy Christmas!'"

The surgeon started back at the grim cheer of that message, but he took it like a priest and carried it back through the little hell that flared down the ravine on Jim now through the window. And like a priest he told it to but one living soul.

"Doc," he said, "I was goin' to git the old girl a Christmas gift. Tell her I'm—a-givin'—her—one—now, Doc," he repeated thickly; "tell the old girl Jim says—'Happy Christmas!'"



Stumbling along, with both hands clasped across his eyes

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK



CHUMS

BY J. W. FOLEY

HE lives acrost the street from us
 An' ain't as big as me;
 His mother takes in washin', 'cuz
 They're poor as they can be.
 But every night he brings his slate
 An' 'en I do his sums,
 An' help him get his lessons straight,
 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

His clo'es ain't *quite* as good as mine,
 But I don't care for that;
 His mother makes his face 'ist shine,
 An' I *lent* him a hat.
 An' every mornin', 'ist by rule,
 W'en nine o'clock it comes,
 He takes my hand an' goes to school,
 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

Nobody better plague him, too,
 No matter if he's small,
 'Cuz I'm his friend, for tried and true,
 An' 'at's th' reason all
 Th' boys don't dare to plague him, 'cuz
 I 'ist wait till he comes,
 An' he walks clost by me, he does,
 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

He fell an' hurt hi'self one day
 The summer before last,
 An' 'at's w'at makes him limp 'at way
 An' don't grow very fast.
 So w'en I got a piece of pie,
 Or maybe nuts or plums,
 I always give him some, 'cuz I
 Get lots—an' we are chums.

An' w'en it's nuttin' time, we go,
 An' I climb all th' trees,
 'Cuz he can't climb—he's hurt, you know—
 But he gets all he sees
 Come droppin' down, an' my! he's glad;
 An' w'en th' twilight comes
 He says w'at a fine time he had,
 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

But my! his mother's awful queer;
 'Cuz w'en we're home again,
 She wipes her eye—a great, big tear—
 An' says: "God bless you, Ben!
 Th' Lord will bless you all your days
 W'en th' great Judgment comes."
 But I say I don't need no praise,
 'Cuz him and me is chums.



JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

MR. DOOLEY

ON NATIONAL HOUSECLEANING

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

By F. P. DUNNE

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"It looks to me," said Mr. Hennessy, "as though this country was goin' to th' divvle."

"Put down that magazine," said Mr. Dooley. "Now d'ye feel better? I thought so. But I can sympathize with ye. I've been readin' thim meself. Time was whin I seldom troubled thim. I wanted me fiction th' day it didn't happen, an' I cud buy that f'r a penny fr'm th' newsboy on th' corner. But wanst in a while some homefarin' wandhrer wud jettison wan in my place, an' I'd frequently glance through it an' find it in me lap whin I woke up. Th' magazines in thim days was very ca'ming to th' mind. Angabel an' Alfonso dashin' fr'a marredge license. Prom'nent lady authoresseses makin' pomes at th' moon. Now an' thim a scrap over whether Shakespeare was enthered in his own name or was a ringer, with th' long-shot players always against Shakespeare. But no wan hurt. Th' idee ye got fr'm these here publications was that life was wan glad sweet song. If annything, ivrybody was too good to ivrybody else. Ye don't need to lock th' dure at night. Hang ye'er watch on th' knob. Why do polismen carry clubs? Answer, to knock th' roses off th' throlley poles. They were good readin'. I liked thim th' way I like a bottle iv white pop now an' thim. But now whin I pick me fav'rite magazine off th' flore, what do I find? Ivrything has gone wrong. Th' wurruld is little better thim a convict's camp. Angabel an' Alfonso ar-re about to get marri'd whin it is discovered that she has a husband in Ioway an' he has a wife in Wisconsin. All th' pomes be th' lady authoresseses that used to begin: 'Oh, moon, how fair!' now begin: 'Oh, George W. Perkins, how awful!' Shakespeare's on'y mentioned as a crook. Here ye ar-re. Last edition. Just out. Full account iv th' Crimes iv Incalculated. Did ye read Larsen last month on 'Th' use iv Burglars as Burglar Alarums'? Good, was it? Thin read th' horrible disclosures about th' way Jawn C. Higgins got th' right to build a bay window on his barber shop at iliven forty-two Koseiusko Avnoo, South Bennington, Arkansas. Read Wash'n'ton Bliffens's dhreadful assault on th' board iv education iv Baraboo. Read Idarem on Jawn D.; she's a lady, but she's got th' punch. Graft ivrywhere. 'Graft in th' Insurance Comp'nies,' 'Graft in Congress,' 'Graft in th' Supreme Court,' 'Graft be an Old Graft-er,' 'Graft in Lithrachoer,' be Hinnery James; 'Graft in Its Relations to th' Higher Life,' be Dock Eliot; 'Th' Homeeric Legend an' Graft; Its Cause an' Effect; Are They th' Same? Yes and No,' be Norman Slapgood.

"An' so it goes, Hinnissy, till I'm that blue, discouraged, an' broken-hearted I cud go to th' edge iv th' wurruld an' jump off. It's a wicked, wicked, horrible place, an' this here country is about th' toughest spot in it. Is there an honest man among us? If there is throw him out. He's a spy. Is there an institution that isn't corrupt to its very foundations? Don't ye believe it. It on'y looks that way because our graft editor hasn't got there on his rounds yet. Why, if Canada iver wants to increase her popylation, all she has to do is to send a man in a balloon over th' United States to yell: 'Stop thief.' At th' sound iv th' wurruds sivinty millyon men, women, an' little scoundrelly childher wud skeddle fr th' frontier, an' lave Jerome.

Folk, an' Bob La Follette to pull down th' blinds, close th' dure an' hang out a sign: 'United States to rent.' I don't thrust anny wan anny more. I niver did much, but now if I hear th' stealthy step iv me dearest frind at th' dure I lock th' cash dhraver. I used to be nervous about burglars, but now I'm afraid iv a night call fr'm th' Chief Justice iv th' Supreme Court or th' prsident iv th' First National Bank.

"It's slowly killin' me, Hinnissy, or it wud if I thought about it. I'm sorry George Wash'n'ton iver lived. Thomas Jefferson I hate. An' as fr Adam, well, if that joker iver come into this place I'd—but I mustn't go on.

The American Temperament

"Do I think it's all as bad as that? Well, Hinnissy, now that ye ask me, an' seein' that Chris'mas is comin' on, I've got to tell ye that this country, while wan iv th' worst in th' wurruld, is about as good as th' next, if it ain't a shade better. But we're wan iv th' gr-reatest people iv th' wurruld to clean house, an' th' way we like best to clean th' house is to burn it down. We come home at night an' find that th' dure has been left open an' a few mosquitoes or life insurance prindints have got in, an' we say: 'This is tur-ible. We must get rid iv these here pests.' An' we take an axe

all th' boys wud be in th' House iv Lords be this time, an' Lord Tontine wud sit hard on anny scheme to have him searched be a lawyer fr'm Brooklyn. But with this here nation iv ours somebody scents something wrong with th' scales at th' grocery store an' whips out his gun, another man turns in a fire alarm, a third fellow sets fire to th' Presbyterian Church, a vigilance comity is formed an' hangs ivry fourth man; an' havin' started with Rockyfellar, who's -tough an' don't mind bein' lynched, they fin'ly wind up with destroyin' me because th' steam laundry has sint me home somebody else's collars.

"It reminds me, Hinnissy, iv th' time I lived at a boardin'-house kept be a lady be th' name iv Doherty. She was a good woman, but her idee iv life was a combination iv pneumony an' lye. She was niver still. Th' sight iv a spot on th' wall where a gentleman boorder had laid his head afther dinner would give her nervous prostration. She was always polishin', scrubbin', sweepin', airin'. She had a plumber in to look at th' dhrains twice a week. Fifty-two times a year there was a rivoluchion in th' house that wud've made th' Czar iv Rooshya want to go home to rest. An' yet th' house was niver really clean. It looked as if it was to us. It was so clean that I always was ashamed to go into it onless I'd shaved. But Mrs. Doherty said no; it was like a pig pen. 'I don't know what to do,' says she. 'I'm worn out an' it seems impossible to keep this house clean.' 'What is th' trouble with it?' says he. 'Madam,' says me frind Gallagher, 'wud ye have me tell ye?' he says. 'I wud,' says she. 'Well,' says he, 'th' trouble with this house is that it is occypied entirely be human bein's,' he says. 'If 'twas a vacant house,' he says, 'it cud aisyly be kept clean,' he says.

"An' there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. Th' noise ye hear is not th' first gun iv a rivoluchion. It's on'y th' people iv th' United States batin' a carpet. Ye object to th' smell? That's nawthin'. We use sthrong disinfectants here. A Frinchman or an Englishman cleans house be sprinklin' th' walls with cologne; we chop a hole in th' flure an' pour in a kag iv chloride iv lime. Both are good ways. It depends on how long ye intind to live in th' house. What were those shots? That's th' housekeeper killin' a couple iv cockroaches with a Hotchkiss gun. Who is that yellin'? That's our ol' frind high finance bein' compelled to take his annual bath. Th' housecleanin' season is in full swing an' there's a good deal iv dust in th' air; but I want to say to thim neighbors iv ours, who're peekin' in an' makin' remarks about th' amount iv rubbish, that over in our part iv th' wurruld we don't sweep things undher th' sofa. Let thim put that in their pipes an' smoke it."

"I think th' country is goin' to th' divvle," said Mr. Hennessy sadly.

"Hinnissy," said Mr. Dooley, "if that's so I congratulate th' wurruld."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "fr nearly forty years I've seen this country goin' to th' divvle an' I got aboard late. An' if it's been goin' that long an' at that rate, an' has got no further thim it is this pleasant Chris'mas, thim th' divvle is a divvle iv a ways further off thim I feared."



MR. DOOLEY: Drawn by CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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to thim. We destroy a lot iv furniture an' kill th' canary bird, th' cat, th' cuckoo clock, an' a lot iv other harmless insects, but we'll fin'ly land th' mosquitoes. If an Englishman found mosquitoes in his house he'd first thry to kill thim, an' whin he didn't succeed he'd say: 'What pleasant little humming bur-rds they ar-re. Life wud be very lonesome without thim,' an' he'd domesticate thim, larn thim to sing 'Gawd Save th' King,' an' call his house Mosquito Lodge. If these here intrhestin' life insurance scandals had come up in Merry ol' England we'd niver heard iv thim, because

RASSELAS

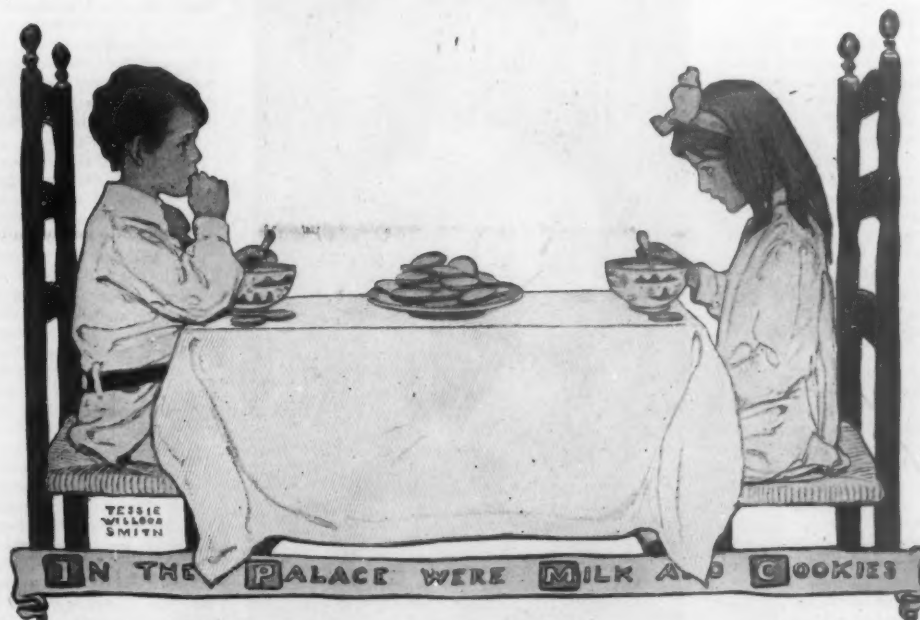
IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM

BY

GEORGIA
WOOD
PANGBORN

ILLUSTRATED BY

JESSIE
WILLCOX
SMITH



IN THE PALACE WERE MILK AND COOKIES

THE make-believe of grown people lacks both realism and romance, being merely a kind of stupid falsity that neither pleases nor deceives. The house where Rasselas lived was of this sort of make-believe, a large and splendid toy, Brobdignagian for any house, while Rasselas was little, even for eight years old.

The floors were slippery, the rugs dim and soft, and absent-minded statues stood about in attitudes, nobody seeming to mind their being white and unfinished. When Rasselas offered to paint them with his water colors, he was refused with empty laughter.

Had there been reality or romance anywhere, it surely would have lurked in Rasselas's play room, one would think; but a maid and a governess were there nearly all the time; the maid to keep things neat, the governess to impart useful information in general, which included showing him how to play with his toys—and every one knows that this is no way to manage a play room.

But the governess's ideas about geography were creditable. Egypt was good on account of the Sphinx and the Pyramids; so little being known about the inside of them; so many interesting things having been dug out of the sand. South America was good, too, because of the forests with animals in them. Then, if you cared to go to the North Pole, there were polar bears, the aurora borealis, and snow huts.

At that time, Rasselas still supposed himself to be one Harold Marlowe, not having discovered his right name. That knowledge came out of a book filched from the great glass cases of the "mustn't touch" library; a stiff, learned book, though with some rather interesting woodcuts—he would never have tried to read a book without pictures—with misty trees on its shining leather covers, its leaves stuck together with gilding, proving Rasselas to be the first in that house who had read it. "Rasselas Johnson" was the name of the book, the words being written one above the other. It was the tale of a prince who lived in a certain Happy Valley, and did not like it.

ON one of those days when a new nurse and a new governess were to arrive in the evening, Rasselas sat long upon the veranda, beside his mother, who was reading, and she felt asleep because, Rasselas supposed, there were no pictures in the book she read—her delicate underlip relaxed, her forehead crumpled by the ray of sunlight that lay across her eyes. She was a plump, good-natured person who, but for her toilettes and social duties, might have been cuddlesome. Then Rasselas softly departed upon a tour about the great stone wall with spikes on top, searching, in the character of that other Rasselas, means of escape from the Happy Valley, until, in that part of the grounds where the "mustn't touch" fruits grew, he came upon a grapevine which had hooked an elbow about one of the iron spikes of the wall, and seemed strong enough to give one a hand up. He clutched the sharp points of the spikes, thrusting his toes between them, and looked upon the world as he had never done before, though he had been often out in it, riding and walking with people who eagerly told him to look at this thing and that. To really see a thing one must discover it himself.

First he considered the blue, uneven mountains, then the roofs of the town a mile away, then the half-hidden red chimney of the little house next door; and so was approaching by degrees that which was more immediately beneath him, when he was challenged, as people must expect to be challenged at the boundaries of other people's kingdoms, and his name demanded.

"Rasselas Johnson," he replied at once.

The sentry wore a white sunbonnet, and must throw her head very far back, to train the funnel on him properly. Rasselas considered the face at the bottom of the funnel, and the result of his examination was that without further parley he slipped sideways between the spikes and jumped down beside her.

She stuck out a tremulous underlip.

"You jumped on my moonflowers," said she. "It is the most rapid growing of all climbing vines," she recited in a voice weak with repressed tears. "Although a perennial species in the tropics (sniff), it is as readily grown from seed as any annual. The vines are literally covered with thousands of immense, pure white, fragrant flowers. Many of them measure—seven—inches—across—". The voice failed, the accusatory sunbonnet funnel turned away and was hidden in the crook of a small elbow. The sleeve was tight, and the elbow tip had worked its way through.

"There isn't any such thing," said Rasselas, looking about. Was it a game? He hardly knew what to think.

"There was going to be!" She gesticulated backward at the print of Rasselas's hands, knees, and feet in the brown earth. Some broken, heart-shaped leaves were crushed into the soil.

"I had soaked the seeds till they were all cracked and pobby. I soaked them for days and days, and I planted them in boxes in the house, and I transplanted them into little flower-pots, and then I set them out here, and then you jumped on them."

"I'm sorry," said Rasselas sadly, for he remembered now having heard that one planted seeds in order to have flowers. "I only wanted to get out of the Happy Valley."

"It isn't; it's Mr. Marlowe's place. I suppose the gardener was chasing you off, but you needn't have come down on my moonflowers."

He had begun with romance, why not continue it? Why not reconstruct all things gloriously?

"The gardener didn't chase me. He's my uncle. I can go anywhere I like and do anything I please. I should like to play with you now."

"I was playing at working in my garden, but that's no use now."

"I know a story," quoth Rasselas, and he launched into the tale of the Prince in the Happy Valley.

"—And so they went back," he finished, "into Abyssinia, because they thought they ought to; but that was silly, I think. Why should they ought? It was nicer outside. And so they named me Rasselas Johnson out of the book, and I am visiting my uncle, who is Mr. Marlowe's gardener, and they let me do anything I want to. I have very good times," he asserted emphatically, "because I can go out of the gate and play with other children and make mud pies."

"Anybody can make mud pies."

"Master Harold can't. He's Mr. Marlowe's little boy. They don't even let him play with me."

WHILE they were conversing, a long, narrow shadow had been advancing upon them silently.

Rasselas was the first to become aware of this shadow, as it shot beyond them, across the perished moonflowers to the wall, and was there bent in the middle, as one bends a paper doll to make it sit down; from there on, it stood upright in the likeness of a man with a wide-brimmed hat. Rasselas and the sunbonnet funnel turned at the same instant, and she said, sadly:

"He jumped on my moonflowers, papa, but he was in a hurry to get out of the Happy Valley."

The gentleman made no reply other than to sit down with them cross-legged, and, being a tall, thin person in a linen duster, one thought of those long-legged sand-colored grasshoppers with knees drawn up in meditation. He examined the little broken plants attentively, found one whose stem was not severed, and silently replaced it, adjusting the earth about its roots.

"Half a loaf," said he, "is better than no bread; besides, you have had an adventure, which is better still. Adventures are uncommon in the Vegetable Kingdom."

"Is this the Vegetable Kingdom?" asked Rasselas.

The little girl giggled, but not so her father.

"Part of it," he mused, his face rippling into benevolent wrinkles. "Why not? I have just been putting down an insurrection of 'pusley' in the strawberry bed. Our borders are never safe against wild carrots, and I noticed the spies of the enemy were already in the potato field."

These people, Rasselas perceived, understood how to play. He blushed with pleasure. "Are you the king?"

"Yes. You don't mind my not wearing a crown? I don't very often. They haven't invented a crown yet that is worth a cent to keep off the sun; and till they do, a straw hat does very well."

"You can play it's a crown."

"Yes, I can do that. Did I understand you to say you were Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia? You ought to be wearing crowns yourself, I should think, but I suppose you were in such a hurry to get out of the Happy Valley you couldn't stop for one."

He looked shrewdly at the boy, who amended with dignity—"Rasselas Johnson."

"Johnson! Of course, Johnson. You also described yourself, if I mistake not, as a young man of unusual freedom, whose temporary absence would be unlikely to cause alarm."

Rasselas looked anxious, but nodded.

The gentleman looked him over thoughtfully. "Well," said he, "it may be that your modesty causes you to underrate your importance, or it may be—in some sort, glamour—poetical license. At all events, it would seem too bad to have scaled so high a wall to no purpose and—I have seen the Happy Valley." He shrugged his shoulders and rose up—so tall that he could look over the wall when he stood on his tiptoes. "I think I shouldn't care to stay in the Happy Valley myself," he muttered, when he had so surveyed it; "let's go to the Palace. What with intriguing 'pusley' and this melancholy accident to the infant ladies-in-waiting of the Princess Inez, I think we have had enough of matters of state for one day. The Vegetable Kingdom, Prince, has its cares as well as other kingdoms, but the crown, being of straw, is not so

heavy as other crowns, and the head that wears it does not lie uneasy. Although a person of the least importance, as you describe yourself, I dare say you will have to be back to tea—or dinner—but in the meantime there are milk and cookies at the Palace. Your mother wants you, Inez."

THE Palace was cool and dim. No queen or other royal person was in the dining-room; only two blue bowls of milk and a plate heaped with cookies. The King had announced the coming of the guest, but the Queen was too busy to bother with visiting princes that day.

Rasselas had never before seen a house like this of the Vegetable Kingdom. The floors were painted brown, and the walls a mild variation of terra cotta. Everywhere there were bookshelves, with loose papers or pamphlets inserted in the spaces left by the tops of the books—not in the least resembling a "mustn't touch" library. Also there were divans and window-seats, indicating people of leisurely habits, and many cushions, mostly grimy and out at elbow. There was a rug, with fringe singularly mutilated. A guinea pig hitched out from under the divan and began to lunch upon this rug as soon as the children had settled down to their meal.

"He thinks the fringe is grass," said Inez. "We are all wondering what he will do when he gets through with the fringe. I don't know what we *should* do if he kept right on and ate the rug. His name is Sardapalus."

So they took the guinea pig with them when they went back to the garden, changing it from one thing to another as they happened to need, now an elephant and now a lion—a matter of great indifference to Sardapalus, who, wherever you put him down, would begin to eat at once, without argument or criticism of his environment. There were few environments that Sardapalus could not eat, but he liked green best, and picked out the clover in it first.

"Papa is a poet," said Inez. "What's yours?"

Rasselas said: "I'm a orphan, and I come from a nstitution."

He said it rather abstractedly, for people on the other side of the wall were plainly calling: "Harold! Harold!" and among their voices Mr. Marlowe's was prominent. Soon afterward, the Marlowe carriage could be seen through the trees, driving rapidly down the yellow road.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Rasselas, very calmly, "if somebody had been kidnapping that boy. They're always afraid of it. That's the trouble with being a rich child. But nobody's ever afraid about *me*."

And they went on playing until the west grew luminous and the shadows were long and purple. A bell rang in the direction of the Vegetable Kingdom Palace.

"That's my supper," said Inez. "Good-by. I will forgive you about the moonflowers."

Rasselas inserted his head in the funnel, and kissed her warm, moist mouth. Then he stood for some time by himself, looking sadly after her, but at length climbed over the wall by placing soap boxes on top of each other; those boxes which had been houses a few minutes before, and previously to that had contained young moonflower plants and other garden stuff.

He climbed down the grapevine, unobserved on the other side, and took his way sombrely to the great pillared veranda of the make-believe house, where he was greeted with hysterical questions and kisses, and was greatly bored.

He admitted with perfect calmness that he had been kidnapped, just as they feared, by two very large men with black beards, and taken to a cave; but there his captors had fallen asleep, and he had slain them as they lay, and escaped. And to this tale he stuck with such placid satisfaction in its plausibility that in the end one or two weak-minded women almost believed him, but nobody ever knew the truth.

However, it was decided forthwith that Rasselas needed a change, and he was sent to school, and played no more at that time with the sunbonnet princess of the Vegetable Kingdom.

THE full moon stood just over the southeast wall of the Marlowe place, foolish and open-mouthed.

From the big house came the tuning of violins. Rasselas—but he had forgotten that name and now thought of himself as Harold Marlowe—paced in the shadow of the wall, his head downcast, sulkily unobserved of the blazing windows that laid orange patterns on the lawn, catching a flowering shrub here and there; of carriages rolling up the great curving drive; of flashes of color passing within the bright doors; of the triple thump of the first waltz—a waltz that he liked with all the sentimental soul of him, and that increased his self-pity. He halted, with his back to the wall and his hands in his pockets, pondering, after the manner of poets, about the moon, the fragrance of the shrubs, the sadness of music, and the peculiarities of his own temperament. He wondered if he dared stay away from the house for the whole evening.

Something soft and fragrant touched his cheek. Supposing it a gentle-winged night moth, he brushed it lightly aside, but as it persisted, turned and looked into the face of a great white flower, swaying at the



He was challenged, as people must expect to be challenged at the boundaries of other people's kingdoms, and his name demanded

slender tip of a vine which drooped from the top of the spiked wall. And then he saw that these ugly spikes were all softly blossoming in shimmering white under the moon, and straightway remembered the Vegetable Kingdom that he had once discovered on the other side, and how there were a princess, a king, and a queen who stayed in the kitchen, but fed a little visiting prince with milk and cookies. And the name of that visiting prince—Rasselas Johnson!

THE grapevine, having grown as he had grown, could still help him. He climbed up as before, cautiously stepped over the spikes, and leaped, but awkwardly, so that he came down on all fours. A scared voice said: "For mercy's sake!"—then when he had dusted his knees and apologized to an indistinct person in a white gown, who had shrunk into the great flowering vine until she might have been one of the blossoms—"I really believe you're Rasselas Johnson!" said she.

"I couldn't come back before. They sent me to school. You are the Vegetable Princess, aren't you?" "I'm Inez Allen, of course; but I don't think it's at all nice of you to jump over things like that."

"I wanted to get out of the Happy Valley."

She laughed and came out of the vine, but her retreat into it had been so hurried that she was quite enmeshed, and must work carefully to disentangle the slender branches from her hair and ruffles, without further bruising the flowers.

"Your moonflowers," said Rasselas, "have come over to my side of the wall."

"Well, you're at liberty to prune them off if you don't like them."

"I didn't say I didn't like them. If I hadn't seen them I shouldn't be here."

There was an awkward silence while they looked at each other with experimental smiles.

"You've grown a good deal," she finally said.

Rasselas bowed. "There has been time. Relatively, however, we seem to be about the same as we were then."

Inez considered the remark carefully. At last she replied: "This is perfectly ridiculous. I don't really know you at all."

"I'm Rasselas Johnson."

"You told us you were the gardener's nephew—"

He felt that his evening dress was bringing suspicion upon him. "Oh, I am!" he said fervently. "I'm just helping the butler."

"Oughtn't you to be getting back, then?"

"No. I didn't have to. You see—that is—I won't be needed until ever so much later."

"Oh! Well, I don't mind. I came out here to listen to the music. What have you been doing all these years?"

"Why, they educated me."

"And now expect you to take a servant's place!"

"Oh, no! I just wanted to be obliging. And you have been planting moonflowers ever since?"

"That—and working my way through college. I'm just out this summer. I suppose you don't know anything about gardening? I can't decide whether to go into violets or mushrooms. There's enough land, and I won't teach—I won't!"

"I should think violets were nicer than mushrooms."

"It's not a question of sentiment," said Inez sharply, and sighed. Rasselas remembered that her father was a poet. Yet it wasn't very poetic for one's daughter to raise mushrooms for her living and work her way through college. He thought of his own verses guiltily. His family had been greatly bored when they appeared in the college magazines.

"I wish you knew something about gardening. I should think, being the gardener's nephew—"

"I could learn!" said Rasselas.

"You didn't think I was offering you a position, did you? I was only wishing I knew somebody that knew something. You see, our place has never been cultivated much and agricultural books are very confusing. They're so ungrammatical. Half the time they say just the opposite of what they mean."

"Inez!" called a voice somewhere in the darkness.

"Inez!"

"It worries papa to have me out when the dew is falling. Won't you come in and see him?"

ONLY one small light marked where lay the Vegetable Kingdom palace, so low and little among its trees that it was invisible from the third-story windows of the other palace across the way. Its walls were shaggy with vines and buttressed with shrubs. The moon, going before, hovered over its little chimney, dark against the gray-green sky. The waltz followed with plaintive inquiry and subtle lamentation, but Rasselas was no longer sad.

A white kitten tiptoed to meet them, mewing delicately. Against the glowing window-shade sat the shadow of a somnolent parrot, headless on its perch, and in the exact middle of the threshold the hunched backs of three guinea pigs formed a triple arch—mother and children in silent meditation. A rather rank odor of tobacco emanated from a deep shadow under the leafy wistaria.

"It's Rasselas Johnson, papa," said Inez to the shadow. "He jumped over the wall again into the

moonflowers and said he wanted to get out of the Happy Valley

After which explanation Inez picked up the white kitten and sat on the steps, with her back toward her father and Rasselas, listening to the music, her thoughts no doubt on the violet and mushroom business.

The poet spoke somewhat dryly: "Good-evening, Mr. Johnson. I trust all is well in Abyssinia?"

And Rasselas stammered a little as he said that it was. He sat on the railing, facing the guinea pigs, who stared, motionless, unwinking, the light from behind them glimmering across their six bulging eyes.

He had not been conscious of deceit before. He had supposed it was all in the way of romance. He did not like being unable to look a guinea pig in the face, and turned the conversation as hastily as might be from Abyssinia. It gravitated naturally enough to agriculture as a pursuit for women, particularly the growing of violets and mushrooms. When the music stopped Inez turned around.

"And we could eat the mushrooms ourselves," she said, "if we couldn't sell them all. They're said to be very nourishing!"

Was it Rasselas's imagination, or did the light as it struck across her face show a dim depression under the cheekbone, as if, perhaps—he burned with sudden anger—she had not always enough to eat! There had been wistfulness in that remark—"They're said to be very nourishing!"

Then he remembered how in that other time there had been a Queen in the kitchen who served out bowls of bread and milk. He dared not ask, but there seemed no hint of her anywhere now, and by and by as they talked, Inez said casually enough, though her voice was a shade softer on the phrase, "Mother used to say—" so he knew how the Queen must now be elsewhere, and that Inez must be reigning alone in the kitchen, as well as in the garden; for the King, it developed, had grown old and lame, so that in daytime he spent long hours of meditation in the sun, and warm evenings, like this, sat silent upon the veranda. In winters, no doubt, a lamp, an open fire, his many books and the same long, slow thoughts of age.

Rasselas looked at the slim Princess Inez in her white gown, with her white kitten, whose ears she was abstractedly turning inside out, and thought how it must be lonely for her.

When he had looked at her a little longer his breath quickened.

He straightened his slovenly shoulders and smiled queerly, for he guessed from the symptoms, though he was not quite sure, what had happened to him, or at least what was in a fair way to happen if he stayed much longer where he was, and got into the habit of escaping by the moonflower way out of the Happy Valley.

"There might be complications about that," he thought to himself. "They'd do something hateful if I married—confound it!—beneath me. Suppose they cut me off, for instance, would she take me on as a hired man?"

And the idea had its attractions. He also ran over in his mind a certain story about King Cophetua and a Beggar Maid, blushing hotly in the darkness.

Knowing his family's prejudices, however, the hired man alternative seemed likelier—and the guinea pigs' round, truthful eyes never left his face.

So all that evening the owners of Rasselas on the other side of the wall went about their business with smiling faces, but hearts angry, at this one more defection from the path of propriety on the part of the heir to the throne.

"Mooning somewhere, I suppose," his father growled to his mother, during a hurried conference.

And she, poor soul! put her handkerchief carefully to her eyes behind her fan, whispering brokenly: "To treat me so when I've tried so hard."

"You don't suppose anything's happened?" said his sister, coming up breathlessly. "Parker saw him walking out in the grounds."

"I don't care if there has," said Mr. Marlowe, and they separated, troubled and ashamed, to attend to their guests once more.

INEZ decided to try, tentatively, both violets and mushrooms. This was the advice of Rasselas. He said, also, that he would find out everything he could from his uncle, the gardener, and bring over books.

ONE need not always jump over the wall. There are gates, if one cares to go so far round about.

So it came to pass that Rasselas became acquainted with the conventional way of entering the Vegetable Kingdom, though he secretly preferred the other, and used it when the shelter of darkness protected him from chance gardeners.

Also it came to pass that he dreamed dreams and found an elaborately simple code of ethics in the saying about the value of a man who makes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before. If one substituted violets and mushrooms for blades of grass, the statement gained in value beyond all argument. The Vegetable Kingdom came to mean for him those same twenty acres or so that it had meant years before.



He climbed up as before, cautiously stepped over the spikes and leaped

One played the game of life with silent plants, and found all the pleasurable excitement of living and few, if any, of its irritations.

Rasselas, under the direction of Inez, gathered the summer apples for jelly, then the winter ones to be buried in sand in the cellar, then the butternuts, hickory-nuts, and black walnuts. It was Rasselas who fashioned coldframes for wintering over the lettuce, and took down a tigerish but tender-lived rosebush from its trellis, covering it with straw and leaves.

"What have you done to your hands?" said his mother at luncheon, and received a lengthy account of a golf ball that had flown wide into brambles.)

He tucked up the bulbs, too, in like manner, and set all things in order for their sleep, and as he wrought the Princess Inez grew more and more gracious but somewhat shy. The King, however, walking feebly with crutch and cane, made little remark upon the work of his new ally, and, indeed, sometimes gazed at him with a vague and questioning trouble, convicting Rasselas of guilt which his reason hotly denied. Yet the time must come, he knew with foreboding, when explanations would be demanded from both sides of the wall, and then—suppose he had to leave Abyssinia penitently! Put in horticultural terms, his father believed in severe pruning—had cut off already as many un-

pleasant things and persons as he could from his own existence. It was not at all beyond possibility that a too disobedient, always unsatisfactory son would be "cut off" if he dared too far.

And, suppose it to turn out that way, could he become enough of a gardener to justify himself in hiring out permanently to the Princess Inez? For he had no other calling by which to earn his salt, certainly.

HUS matters stood at the close of autumn, when the Marlowes were about to return to the city. All things were bare and sombre, with a hurry of gray clouds in the north, but with slanting sunlight from the south in which the first fine snowflakes had melted. The last eglantine, small,

ruby red, its petals a bit leathery from obstinacy, but smelling of June none the less, was under consideration by Inez as Rasselas came over to say good-by.

"I go to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"I'll come early in the spring, you know."

She looked steadily at the hard blue mountains to the north, and unmistakable winter was in her eyes.

"We shall be glad—to have you back."

"What will you do all winter?"

"Attend to the mushrooms and violets, and do papa's typewriting."

"I've never been here in winter."

"It's not very interesting."

"If I got a chance to run up now and then, would you—"

"Be glad to see you? Yes."

Still the steady look at the mountains over which winter would presently come rushing; still that look of patience, to break a man's heart.

"Inez, if I came to you with nothing—"

Not winter, but spring, and cheeks like the one eglantine. Rasselas stammered on—his cheeks were pale—something about "Your subject—always—" He was thinking of consequences, of all he meant by "coming with nothing."

"I don't want a hired man," said Inez, hysterically, "but, if you care—"

A slow step was approaching—an old straw hat just visible above a regiment of frost-touched dahlias.

They were not brave enough to go deliberately to meet the King, but they found courage at least to wait his coming, hand in hand. When he saw them thus, he halted, with his quiet old hands folded upon his cane, and seemed not at all surprised.

"Well, Rasselas," he said at length, "I don't know how this will be received in Abyssinia."

His fingers moved restlessly, and he looked beyond the lovers to where the roofs of the Marlowe house towered into the sky.

"I have lived apart from the world so long, I have come to set values differently from the accepted manner. My ideas are not practical. If I ought to have spoken and prevented this— And yet, I had your happiness at heart."

HE sat down upon a nearby bench and leaned his chin upon the veined hands that were crossed upon his cane, while the autumn leaves played in the wind up and down the path, and his white hair fluttered on his shoulders.

"When Rasselas set out to find happiness—did he shirk anything?"

Inez looked bewildered; Rasselas hung his head. The gentle voice pursued:

"Why should we in the compass of a pale Keep law, and form, and due proportion Showing, as in a model, our firm estate, When our sea-walled garden, the whole land, Is full of weeds—?"

"But!" said Rasselas, "suppose that the prince of a royal house—since we have played at figures so long—suppose he finds himself incapable even of self-government; suppose him, since his earliest memory, weighed in the balance and found, by those who understand those things, wanting. Suppose him to find a little kingdom—little, and yet great, too—that he thinks he can understand and help to govern well, and learn to govern himself in the process—and—*you* know how well Horace liked his Sabine farm, sir. I'm not bringing up my best argument—" he lifted Inez's hand to his lips. "I haven't exactly meant any deception. You know all about it, I see, and must have known all along."

But Inez drew away from him, and her face was white as she said: "Who are you?"

"I hardly know," said Rasselas, sadly. "Over there"—he pointed toward the shining roofs and chimneys of the great house—"they called me by a name that I

didn't like, and when I was a little boy I tried to change it."

"And what is it they call you over there?"

She was standing by her father now, leaning a little, as for support, on his bent shoulders. The manner of Rasselas sank ignobly to the gloomy fretfulness of a detected thief.

"What's the use of asking that? Your father knew all along, and you must have guessed by now. I'm Harold Marlowe."

"The man I thought of marrying," said Inez slowly, "had a different name, and he was poor. He was different, I think, in a number of ways."

And she turned toward the house. It did not occur to Rasselas to try further self-justification. She did not glance back at all, but went slowly on with drooping head. The kitten, who had been cuffing the flying leaves up and down the path, frisked at her skirt and got in the way of her feet with careless good humor.

Rasselas looked after her until the door closed, then drooped his head in dejected silence. On raising his troubled eyes, he was amazed and somewhat offended to find the old man regarding him with a smile that was both amused and kindly. When one has just acted out what one supposes to be his life's high tragedy, nothing cuts deeper than a spectator's smile.

"I seem to have made an ass of myself," he said, selfish in his first thought. "Why," said the poet, "not so bad—no—not more than most young men. I wouldn't worry about that aspect of it."

"It was child's play at first—and—this summer—I didn't see my way to undeceive her—she liked me as the gardener's nephew—as a man rather below her, you see, in station. I know well enough how below her I am in every way, but I was afraid that as Harold Marlowe she might not let me help—and—you can't understand what it's been for me—this digging around in the plants, and her showing me how to do things."

"Two in a garden—yes—the old plot."

"I haven't been posing as the Lord of Burleigh or—Cophetua. Oh, damn it! If you don't understand, it's no use my trying to explain. Every word I say makes me out more of a cad."

"I understand. Didn't I join in your little play, when you jumped out of the Happy Valley into the poor child's moonflower bed, destroying her little dreams and plans? I let you stay and play, didn't I? And I let your distracted parents look for you—it did them no harm—" He chuckled, then by degrees grew serious and a little sad. "I think your greatest reason for the deception is the one you refrain from mentioning through delicacy—the disapproval of Abyssinia."

"Anything I do," groaned Rasselas, "is unpopular over there."

"You think you are misjudged?"

"I don't know. I have a better opinion of myself than they have of me—or I had until a few minutes ago." He looked wistfully at Inez's window, where the shade had been drawn down.

"I don't know anything about finance. To please them I tried to learn a little while ago, and blundered into a loss so heavy that—well, my father came so near disowning me then that I suppose it wouldn't be safe to cross him again. My notion was to do as I liked for once—to marry Inez and work on your farm here. It seemed as if we could be happy and as if I could make it pay, even if my father did cut me off entirely. I can reason about vegetables and small sums, even if I can't about millions and corporations and all that. One may be able to recite the multiplication table and do sums in long division, and yet make a poor fist at analytics."

"Yet it seems," the poet said doubtfully, "as if there were a question of responsibility. The kingdoms of today, though not called kingdoms, are so none the less, and those who are born to power—well, there was a king who, during a battle, sat still and envied the shep-

herds. Doubtless he would have made a better shepherd than king, and yet, being a king—"

"Being what he was, he ought to have resigned, abdicated—don't you think, sir?"

"Oh, what a pity is it

That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land
As we this garden—"

said the poet.

"There are so many," sighed Rasselas, "who can trim and dress it better than he can; his younger brother, for example."

The poet went on: "I lived in a Happy Valley once,



Princess Inez grew more and more gracious but somewhat shy

and I shirked it in something the way you want to do; but, then, you aren't a poet—are you?"

"No, indeed!" said Rasselas eagerly.

"And perhaps to be happy is a duty, though the moralists don't teach so, and, as you say, this little farm is big enough to be happy in—if that were all. Big enough for you and Inez, as it was for me—and—another."

"But you heard what she said just now. It's all over. There's no use in argument."

"No, not in argument, but it may not be all over. Go back to Abyssinia for a while and think it over. Make sure, too, whether you have a duty there that you are shirking. I think Inez had some notion about that."

"If only you won't send me away forever."

"No, not forever."

THE snow was sodden and unwholesome in the hollows between bare ridges and hummocks, and a tremendous wind boomed in the naked trees. It was dark and rainy, neither spring nor winter, desolate beyond all other seasons.

The poet lay back in a Morris chair, his feet on a

tabouret, pillows tucked under him at every possible angle, a gay Afghan over his long, thin legs. Breathing had become a serious matter with him which he was in haste to be done with as soon as might be. He seemed listening as if for some other sound than the wind, and watched Inez anxiously and furtively as she prepared his gruel over the coals in the fireplace.

"Inez."

"Yes, dearest."

"Mustn't—make—too much—of things that don't really matter. Sometimes—it's—better not to hold too rigidly to principles—they may be—only—prejudices."

"Oh, papa, dear—surely right is right."

"Not always." He smiled whimsically. "I can't argue, though—now—you'll just have to accept—my conclusions."

"Don't ask me to forgive him, papa." "Forgive—no. Stevenson says he doesn't know what—forgiveness is. There isn't any such thing."

"You've made me burn your gruel, dear. I'll make some more, and you mustn't talk to me about him this time."

"I must talk—while I can. Wasn't that a step on the porch?"

"It was the wind. Nobody would come in such weather."

"Inez—" he raised himself up with difficulty and looked at her imploringly—"take what life offers—when it offers. Don't let happiness pass by for the sake of a whim. Happiness is a duty when it comes. It doesn't often come—not real happiness. I'm sure some one knocked."

"The wind has knocked all day, but I'll make sure." The knock was unmistakable this time. At first it had been timid, but was imperious at last, and when she opened the door the wind and rain entered noisily, but with them a young man, wet and stormy as young Spring itself, who threw his arms about her and kissed her.

And it was rather astonishing, if one thought of the manner in which she had dismissed him, how quietly her hands clasped together behind his neck, and how meek her pale face was under his kisses.

"Did papa send for you?" she said at last.

"Yes. But I was ready to come anyway."

"Perhaps he is right. Come in and talk to him while I make his gruel."

"Good evening, Mr.—Johnson," said the poet tremulously. "I trust all is well in Abyssinia?"

"You will be pleased to know, sir, that I have made my peace with Abyssinia to such an extent that I can do as I like in the matter of most importance to me. I am cut off with a shilling at my own request, and the shilling is of moderately generous proportions."

Inez brought the gruel.

"I hope you aren't hungry," smiled the poet; "if you are, I'm afraid you'll have to put up with gruel. We've got out of the way of eating much else of late. I can't, and Inez is too lazy to cook just for herself."

"There's bacon," said Inez, shyly, "and eggs. I think. The hens were cackling this morning. And it won't take long to make biscuit."

"I'm more hungry for this than anything else—" Rasselas kissed her again—eyes, hair, and mouth, while her father smiled approval.

And the storm blustered savagely at doors and windows; but people who are contented with gruel, bacon, and eggs, and each other, are not troubled by such matters.

Once the poet, turning his dim eyes upon the trickling panes, observed cheerfully: "This is a real spring rain."

No one replying, he intelligently regarded the two cooks who were manipulating the frying pan over the coals, and making sad work of that frugal dinner by reason of their happy absent-mindedness.

"Without doubt, happiness is a duty," he said softly.



For the Blood is the Life

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD

WE had dined at sunset on the broad roof of the old tower, because it was cooler there during the great heat of summer. Besides, the little kitchen was built at one corner of the great square platform, which made it more convenient than if the dishes had to be carried down the steep stone steps, broken in places and everywhere worn with age. The tower was one of those built all down the west coast of Calabria by the Emperor Charles V early in the sixteenth century, to keep off the Barbary pirates, when the unbelievers were allied with Francis I against the Emperor and the Church. Many have gone to ruin, a few still stand intact, and mine is one of the largest. How it came into my possession ten years ago, and why I spend a part of each year in it, are matters which do not concern this tale. The tower stands in one of the loneliest spots in Southern Italy, at the extremity of a curving rocky promontory, which forms a small but safe natural harbor at the southern extremity of the Gulf of Policastro, and just north of Cape Scalea, the birthplace of Judas Iscariot, according to the old local legend. The tower stands alone on this hooked spur of rock, and there is not a house to be seen within three miles of it. When I go there, I take a couple of sailors, one of whom is a fair cook, and when I am away it is in charge of a gnome-like little being who was once a miner and who attached himself to me long ago.

My friend, who sometimes visits me in my summer solitude, is an artist by profession, a Scandinavian by birth, and a cosmopolitan by force of circumstances. We had dined at sunset; the sunset glow had reddened and faded again, and the evening purple steeped the vast chain of the mountains that embrace the deep gulf to eastward and rear themselves higher and higher toward the south. It was hot, and we sat at the landward corner of the platform, waiting for the night breeze to come down from the lower hills. The color sank out of the air, there was a little interval of deep-gray twilight, and a lamp sent a yellow streak from the open door of the kitchen, where the men were getting their supper.

Then the moon rose suddenly above the crest of the promontory, flooding the platform and lighting up every little spur of rock and knoll of grass below us, down to the edge of the motionless water. My friend lighted his pipe and sat looking at a spot on the hillside. I knew that he was looking at it, and for a long time past I had wondered whether he would ever see anything there that would fix his attention. I knew that spot well. It was clear that he was interested at last, though it was a long time before he spoke. Like most painters, he trusts to his own eyesight, as a lion trusts his strength and a stag his speed, and he is always disturbed when he can not reconcile what he sees with what he believes that he ought to see.

"It's strange," he said. "Do you see that little mound just on this side of the boulder?"

"Yes," I said, and I guessed what was coming.

"It looks like a grave," observed Holger.

"Very true. It does look like a grave."

"Yes," continued my friend, his eyes still fixed on the spot. "But the strange thing is that I see the body lying on the top of it. Of course," continued Holger, turning his head a little on one side as artists do, "it must be an effect of light. In the first place, it is not a grave at all. Secondly, if it were, the body would be inside and not outside. Therefore, it's an effect of the moonlight. Don't you see it?"

"Perfectly; I always see it on moonlight nights."

"It doesn't seem to interest you much," said Holger.

"On the contrary, it does interest me, though I am used to it. You're not so far wrong either. The mound is really a grave."

"Nonsense!" cried Holger, incredulously. "I suppose you'll tell me that what I see lying on it is really a corpse!"

"No," I answered, "it's not. I know, because I have taken the trouble to go down and see."

"Then what is it?" asked Holger.

OLD Alario was dying up there in the village behind the hill. You remember him, I have no doubt.

They say that he made his money by selling sham jewelry in South America, and escaped with his gains when he was found out. Like all those fellows, if they bring anything back with them, he at once set to work to enlarge his house, and as there are no masons here, he sent all the way to Paola for two workmen. They were a rough-looking pair of scoundrels—a Neapolitan who had lost one eye and a Sicilian with an old scar half an inch deep across his left cheek. I often saw them, for on Sundays they used to come down here and fish off the rocks. When Alario caught the fever that killed him the masons were still at work. As he had agreed that part of their pay should be their board and lodging, he made them sleep in the house. His wife was dead, and he had an



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breeze—it might have been the cry of the small owl that lives among the rocks—and the misty presence floated swiftly back from Holger's advancing figure and lay once more at its length upon the mound.

Again I felt the cool breeze in my hair, and this time an icy thrill of dread ran down my spine. I remembered very well that I had once gone down there alone in the moonlight; that presently being near, I had seen nothing; that, like Holger, I had gone and had stood upon the mound; and I remembered how, when I came back, sure that there was nothing there, I had felt the sudden conviction that there was something after all if I would only look behind me. I remembered the strong temptation to look back, a temptation I had resisted as unworthy of a man of sense, until, to get rid of it, I had shaken myself just as Holger did.

And now I knew that those white, misty arms had been round me too; I knew it in a flash, and I shuddered as I remembered that I had heard the night owl then too. But it had not been the night owl. It was the cry of the Thing.

I refilled my pipe and poured out a cup of strong southern wine; in less than a minute Holger was seated beside me again.

"Of course there's nothing there," he said, "but it's creepy, all the same. Do you know? when I was coming back I was so sure that there was something behind me that I wanted to turn round and look. It was an effort not to."

He laughed a little, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and poured himself out some wine. For a while neither of us spoke, and the moon rose higher and we both looked at the Thing that lay on the mound.

"You might make a story about that," said Holger after a long time.

"There is one," I answered. "If you're not sleepy, I'll tell it to you."

"Go ahead," said Holger, who likes stories.

"It's nothing."

"You mean that it's an effect of light, I suppose."

"Perhaps it is. But the inexplicable part of the matter is that it makes no difference whether the moon is rising or setting, or waxing or waning. If there's any moonlight at all, from east or west or overhead, so long as it shines on the grave you can see the outline of the body on top."

Holger stirred up his pipe with the point of his knife, and then used his finger for a stopper. When the tobacco burned well, he rose from his chair.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll go down and take a look at it."

He left me, crossed the roof, and disappeared down the dark steps. I did not move, but sat looking down until he came out of the tower below. I heard him humming an old Danish song as he crossed the open space in the bright moonlight, going straight to the mysterious mound. When he was ten paces from it, Holger stopped short, made two steps forward, and then three or four backward, and then stopped again. I knew what that meant. He had reached the spot where the Thing ceased to be visible—where, as he would have said, the effect of light changed.

Then he went on till he reached the mound and stood upon it. I could see the Thing still, but it was no longer lying down; it was on its knees now, winding its white arms round Holger's body and looking up into his face. A cool breeze stirred my hair at that moment, as the night wind began to come down from the hills, but it felt like a breath from another world.

The Thing seemed to be trying to climb to its feet, helping itself up by Holger's body while he stood upright, quite unconscious of it and apparently looking toward the tower, which is very picturesque when the moonlight falls upon it on that side.

"Come along!" I shouted. "Don't stay there all night!"

It seemed to me that he moved reluctantly as he stepped from the mound, or else with difficulty. That was it. The Thing's arms were still round his waist, but its feet could not leave the grave. As he came slowly forward it was drawn out and lengthened like a wreath of mist, thin and white, till I saw distinctly that Holger shook himself, as a man does who feels a chill. At the same instant a little wail of pain came to me on the breeze—it might have been the cry of the small owl that lives among the rocks—and the misty presence floated swiftly back from Holger's advancing figure and lay once more at its length upon the mound.



Discussing a measure of wine

only son called Angelo, who was a much better sort than himself. Angelo was to marry the daughter of the richest man in the village, and, strange to say, though the marriage was arranged by their parents, the young people were said to be in love with each other.

For that matter, the whole village was in love with Angelo, and among the rest a wild, good-looking creature called Cristina, who was more like a gypsy than any girl I ever saw about here. She had very red lips and very black eyes, she was built like a greyhound, and had the tongue of the devil. But Angelo did not care a straw for her. He was rather a simple-minded fellow, quite different from his old scoundrel of a father, and under

what I should call normal circumstances I really believe that he would never have looked at any girl except the nice plump little creature, with a fat dowry, whom his father

FOR THE BLOOD

meant him to marry. But things turned up which were neither normal, nor natural.

On the other hand, a very handsome young shepherd from the hills above Maratea was in love with Cristina, who seems to have been quite indifferent to him. Cristina had no regular means of subsistence, but she was a good girl and willing to do any work or go on errands to any distance for the sake of a loaf of bread or a mess of beans, and permission to sleep under cover. She was especially glad when she could get something to do about the house of Angelo's father. There is no doctor in the village, and when the neighbors saw that old Alario was dying they sent Cristina to Scalea to fetch one. That was late in the afternoon, and if they had waited so long it was because the dying miser refused to allow any such extravagance while he was able to speak.

But while Cristina was gone matters grew rapidly worse, the priest was brought to the bedside, and when he had done what he could he gave it as his opinion to the bystanders that the old man was dead, and left the house.

You know these people. They have a physical horror of death. Until the priest spoke, the room had been full of people. The words were hardly out of his mouth before it was empty. It was night now. They hurried down the dark steps and out into the street.

Angelo, as I have said, was away, Cristina had not come back—the simple woman servant who had nursed the sick man fled with the rest, and the body was left alone in the flickering light of the earthen oil lamp.

Five minutes later two men looked in cautiously and crept forward toward the bed. They were the one-eyed Neapolitan mason and his Sicilian companion. They knew what they wanted. In a moment they had dragged from under the bed a small but heavy iron-bound box, and long before any one thought of coming back to the dead man they had left the house and the village under cover of the darkness. It was easy enough, for Alario's house is the last toward the gorge which leads down here, and the thieves merely went out by the back door, got over the stone wall, and had nothing to risk after that except the possibility of meeting some belated countryman, which was very small indeed, since few of the people use that path. They had a mattock and shovel, and they made their way here without accident.

I am telling you this story as it must have happened, for, of course, there were no witnesses to this part of it. The men brought the box down by the gorge, intending to bury it until they should be able to come back and take it away in a boat. They must have been clever enough to guess that some of the money would be in paper notes, for they would otherwise have buried it on the beach in the wet sand, where it would have been much safer. But the paper would have rotted if they had been obliged to leave it there long, so they dug their hole down there, close to that boulder. Yes, just where the mound is now.

Cristina did not find the doctor in Scalea, for he had been sent for from a place up the valley, half-way to San Domenico. If she had found him he would have come on his mule by the upper road, which is smoother but much longer. But Cristina took the short cut by the rocks, which passes about fifty feet above the mound, and goes round that corner. The men were digging when she passed and she heard them at work. It would not have been like her to go by without finding out what the noise was, for she was never afraid of anything in her life, and besides, the fishermen sometimes come ashore here at night to get a stone for an anchor or to gather sticks to make a little fire. The night was dark, and Cristina probably came close to the two men before she could see what they were doing. She knew them, of course, and they knew her and understood instantly that they were in her power. There was only one thing to be done for their safety, and they did it. They knocked her on the head, they dug the hole deep, and they buried her quickly with the iron-bound chest. They must have understood that their only chance of escaping suspicion lay in getting back to the village before their absence was noticed, for they returned immediately and were found half an hour later gossiping quietly with the man who was making Alario's coffin. He was a croup of theirs, and had been working at the repairs in the old man's house. So far as I have been able to make out, the

only persons who were supposed to know where Alario kept his treasure were Angelo and the one woman servant I have mentioned. Angelo was away; it was the woman who discovered the theft.

It is easy enough to understand why no one else knew where the money was. The old man kept his door locked and the key in his pocket when he was out, and did not let the woman enter to clean the place unless he was there himself. The whole village knew that he had money somewhere, however, and the masons had probably discovered the whereabouts of the chest by climbing in at the window in his absence. If the old man had not been delirious until he lost consciousness, he would have been in frightful agony of mind for his riches. The faithful woman servant forgot their existence only for a few moments when she fled with the rest, overcome by the horror of death. Twenty minutes had not passed before she returned with the two hideous old hags who are always called in to prepare the dead for burial. Even then she had not at first the courage to go near the bed with them, but she made a pretence of dropping something, went down on her knees as if to find it, and looked under the bedstead. The walls of the room were newly whitewashed down to the floor, and she saw at a glance that the chest was gone. It had been there in the afternoon; it had therefore been stolen in the short interval since she had left the room.

There are no carabinieri stationed in the village; there is not so much as a municipal watchman, for there is no municipality. There never was such a place, I believe. Scalea is supposed to look after it in some mysterious way, and it takes a couple of hours to get anybody from there. As the old woman

had lived in the village all her life, it did not even occur to her to apply to any civil authority for help. She simply set up a howl and ran through the village in the dark, screaming out that her dead master's house had been robbed. Many of the people looked out, but at first no one seemed inclined to help her. Most of them, judging her by themselves, whispered to each other that she had probably stolen the money herself. The first man to move was the father of the girl whom Angelo was to marry; having collected his household, all of whom felt a personal interest in the wealth which was to have come into the family, he declared it to be his opinion that the chest had been stolen by the two journeymen masons who lodged in the house. He headed a search for them, which naturally began in Alario's house and ended in the carpenter's workshop, where the thieves were found discussing a measure of wine with the carpenter over the half-finished coffin, by the light of one earthen lamp filled with oil and tallow. The search party at once accused the delinquents of the crime and threatened to lock them up in the cellar till the carabinieri could be fetched from Scalea. The two men looked at each other for one moment, and then without the slightest hesitation they put out the single light,

seized the unfinished coffin between them, and, using it as a sort of battering ram, dashed upon their assailants in the dark. In a few moments they were beyond pursuit.

That is the end of the first part of the story. The treasure had disappeared, and as no trace of it could be found the people naturally supposed that the thieves had succeeded in carrying it off. The old man was buried, and when Angelo came back at last he had to borrow money to pay for the miserable funeral, and had some difficulty in doing so. He hardly needed to be told that in losing his inheritance he had also lost his bride. In this part of the world marriages are made on strictly business principles, and if the promised cash is not forthcoming on the appointed day, the bride or the bridegroom whose parents have failed to produce it may as well take themselves off, for there will be no wedding. Poor Angelo knew that well enough. His father had been possessed of hardly any land, and now that the hard cash which he had brought back from South America was gone, there was nothing left but debts for the building materials that were to have been used for enlarging and improving the old house. Angelo was beggared, and the nice plump little creature who was to have been his turned up her nose at him in the most approved fashion. As for Cristina, it was several days before she was missed, for no one remembered that she had been sent to Scalea for the doctor, who had never come. She often disappeared in the same way for



Maria Appia Clark

Her eyes feasted on his soul and cast a spell over him

BLOOD IS THE LIFE

days together, when she could find a little work here and there at the distant farms among the hills. But when she did not come back at all, people began to wonder, and at last made up their minds that she had connived with the masons and had escaped with them.

I paused and emptied my glass.

"That sort of thing could not happen anywhere else," observed Holger, filling his everlasting pipe again. "It is wonderful what a natural charm there is about murder and sudden death in a romantic country like this. Deeds that would be simply brutal and disgusting anywhere else become dramatic and mysterious because this is Italy, and we are living in a genuine tower of Charles V, built against genuine Barbary pirates."

"There's something in that," I admitted. Holger is the most romantic man in the world inside of himself, but he always thinks it necessary to explain why he feels anything.

"I suppose they found the poor girl's body with the box," he said presently.

"As it seems to interest you," I answered, "I'll tell you the rest of the story."

The moon had risen high by this time; the outline of the Thing on the mound was clearer to our eyes than before.

The village very soon settled down to its small dull life. No one missed old Alario, who had been away so much on his voyages to South America that he had never been a familiar figure in his native place. Angelo lived in the half-finished house, and because he had no money to pay the old woman servant she would not stay with him; but once in a long time she would come and wash a shirt for him for old acquaintance' sake. Besides the house, he had inherited a small patch of ground at some distance from the village; he tried to cultivate it, but he had no heart in the work, for he knew that he could never pay the taxes on it and on the house, which would certainly be confiscated by the Government or seized for the debt of the building material, which the man who had supplied it refused to take back.

Angelo was very unhappy. So long as his father had been alive and rich, every girl in the village had been in love with him; but that was all changed now. It had been pleasant to be admired and courted and invited to drink wine by fathers who had girls to marry. It was hard to be stared at coldly and sometimes laughed at because he had been robbed of his inheritance. He cooked his miserable meals for himself, and from being sad became melancholy and morose.

At twilight, when the day's work was done, instead of hanging about in the open space before the church with young fellows of his own age, he took to wandering in lonely places on the outskirts of the village till it was quite dark. Then he slunk home and went to bed to save the expense of a light. But in those lonely twilight hours he began to have strange waking dreams. He was not always alone, for often when he sat on the stump of a tree, where the narrow path turns down the gorge, he was sure that a woman came up noiselessly over the rough stones as if her feet were bare; and she stood under the clump of chestnut trees only half a dozen yards down the path and beckoned to him without speaking. Though she was in the shadow, he knew that her lips were red, and that when they parted a little and smiled at him she showed two small sharp teeth. He knew this at first rather than saw it, and he knew that it was Cristina, and that she was dead. Yet he was not afraid; he only wondered whether it was a dream, for he thought that if he had been awake he should have been frightened.

Besides, the dead woman had red lips, and that could only happen in a dream. Whenever he went near the gorge after sunset, she was already there waiting for him, or else she very soon appeared, and he began to be sure that she came a little nearer to him every day. At first he had only been sure of her blood-red mouth, but now each feature grew distinct and the pale face looked at him with deep and hungry eyes.

It was the eyes that drew him. Little by little he came to know that some day the dream would not end when he turned away to go home, but would lead him down the gorge out of which the vision rose. She was nearer now, when she beckoned to him. Her cheeks were not livid like those of the dead, but pale with starvation, with the furious and unappeased physical hunger of her eyes that devoured him. They feasted on his soul and cast a spell over him, and at last they were close to his own and held him. He could not tell whether her breath was hot as fire or as cold as ice; he could not tell whether her red lips burned his or froze them, or whether her five fingers on his wrists seared scorching scars or bit his flesh like frost; he could not tell whether he was awake or asleep, whether she was alive or dead, but he knew that she loved him, she alone of all creatures, earthly or unearthly, and her spell had power over him.

When the moon rose high that night the shadow of that Thing was not alone down there upon the mound.

Angelo awoke in the cool dawn, drenched with dew and chilled through flesh, and blood, and bone. He opened his eyes to the faint gray light, and saw the stars still shining overhead. He was very weak,

and his heart was beating so slowly that he was almost like a man fainting. Slowly he turned his head on the mound, as on a pillow, but the other face was not there. Fear seized him suddenly, a fear unspeakable and unknown; he sprang to his feet and fled up the gorge, and he never looked behind him until he reached the door of his house on the outskirts of the village. Drearly he went to his work that day, and wearily the hours dragged themselves after the sun, till at last he touched the sea and sank, and the great sharp hills above Maratea turned purple against the dove-colored eastern sky.

Angelo shouldered his heavy hoe and left the field. He felt less tired now than in the morning when he had begun to work, but he promised himself that he would go home without lingering by the gorge and eat the best supper he could get himself, and sleep all night in his bed like a Christian man. Not again would he be tempted down the narrow way by a shadow with red lips and icy breath; not again would he dream that dream of terror and delight. He was near the village now; it was half an hour since the sun had set, and the cracked church bell sent little discordant echoes across the rocks and ravines to tell all good people that the day was done. Angelo stood still a moment where the path forked, where it led toward the village on the left, and down to the gorge on the right, where a clump of chestnut trees overhung the narrow way. He stood still a minute, lifting his battered hat from his head and gazing at the fast fading sea to westward, and his lips moved as he silently repeated the familiar evening prayer. His lips moved, but the words that followed them in his brain lost their meaning and turned into others, and ended in a name that he spoke aloud—Cristina! With the name, the tension of his will relaxed suddenly, reality went out and the dream took him again, and bore him on swiftly and surely like a man walking in his sleep, down, down, by the steep path in the gathering darkness. And as she glided beside him, Cristina whispered strange, sweet things in his ear, which somehow, if he had been awake, he knew that he could not quite have understood; but now they were the most wonderful words he had ever heard in his life. And she kissed him also, but not upon his mouth. He felt her sharp kisses upon his white throat, and he knew that her lips were red. So the wild dream sped on through twilight and darkness and moonrise, and all the glory of the summer's night. But in the chilly dawn he lay as one half dead upon the mound down there, recalling and not recalling, drained of his blood, yet strangely longing to give those red lips more. Then came the fear, the awful nameless panic, the mortal horror that



The light fell upon Angelo's upturned throat—a red line of blood trickled down his collar

guards the confines of the world we see not, neither know of as we know of other things, but which we feel when its icy chill freezes our bones and stirs our hair with the touch of a ghostly hand. Once more Angelo sprang from the mound and fled up the gorge in the breaking day, but his step was less sure this time and he panted for breath as he ran; and when he came to the bright spring of water that rises half-way up the hillside, he dropped upon his knees and hands and plunged his whole face in and drank as he had never drunk before—for it was the thirst of the wounded man who has lain bleeding all night long upon the battle-field.

She had him fast now, and he could not escape her, but would come to her every evening at dusk until she had drained him of his last drop of blood. It was in vain that when the day was done he tried to take another turning and to go home by a path that did not lead near the gorge. It was in vain that he made promises to himself each morning at dawn when he climbed the lonely way up from the shore to the village. It was all in vain, for when the sun sank burning into the sea, and the coolness of evening stole out as from a hiding-place to delight the weary world, his feet turned toward the old way and she was waiting for him in the shadow under the chestnut trees; and then all happened as before, and she fell to kissing his white throat even as she flitted lightly down the way, winding one arm about him. And as his blood failed, she grew more hungry and more thirsty every day, and every day when he awoke in the early dawn it was harder to rouse himself to the effort of climbing the steep path to the village; and when he went to his work his feet dragged painfully, and there was hardly strength in his arms to wield the heavy hoe. He scarcely spoke to any one now, but the people said that he was "consuming himself" for love of the girl he was to have married when he lost his inheritance; and they laughed heartily at the thought, for this is not a very romantic country.

At this time Antonio, the man who stays here to look after the tower, returned from a visit to his people, who live near Salerno. He had been away all the time since before Alario's death and knew nothing of what had happened. He has told me that he came back late in the afternoon and shut himself up in the tower to eat and sleep, for he was very tired. It was past midnight when he awoke, and when he looked out the waning moon was rising over the shoulder of the hill. He looked out toward the mound, and he saw something, and he did not sleep again that night. When he went out in the morning it was broad daylight, and there was nothing to be seen on the mound but loose stones and driven sand. Yet he did not go very near it; he went straight up the path to the village and directly to the house of the old priest.

"I have seen an evil thing this night," he said; "I have seen how the dead drink the blood of the living. And the blood is the life."

"Tell me what you have seen," said the priest in reply.

Antonio told him everything he had seen.

"You must bring your book and your holy water to-night," he added. "I will be here before sunset to go down with you, and if it pleases your reverence to sup with me while we wait, I will make ready."

"I will come," the priest answered, "for I have read in old books of these strange beings which are neither quick nor dead, and which lie ever fresh in their graves, stealing out in the dusk to taste life and blood." Antonio can not read, but he was glad to see that the priest understood the business; for of course the books must have instructed him as to the best means of quieting the half-living Thing forever.

So Antonio went away to his work, which consists largely in sitting on the shady side of the tower, when he is not perched upon a rock with a fishing line catching nothing. But on that day he went twice to look at the mound in the broad sunlight, and he searched round and round it for some hole through which the being might get in and out; but he found none. When the sun began to sink and the air was cooler in the shadows, he went up to fetch the old priest, carrying a little wicker basket with him; and in this they placed a bottle of holy water, and the basin, and sprinkler, and the stole which the priest would need; and they came down and waited in the door of the tower till it should be dark. But while the light still lingered very gray and faint, they saw something moving, just there, two figures, a man's that walked, and a woman's that

flitted beside him, and while her head lay on his shoulder she kissed his throat. The priest has told me that too, and that his teeth chattered and he grasped Antonio's arm. The vision passed and disappeared into the shadow. Then Antonio got his leathern flask of strong liquor, which he kept for great occasions, and poured such a draught as made the old man feel almost young again; and he got the lantern, and his pick and shovel, and gave the priest his stole to put on and the holy water to carry, and they went out together toward the spot where the work was to be done. Antonio says that in spite of the rum his own knees shook together and the priest stumbled over his Latin. For when they were yet a few yards from the mound, the flickering light of the lantern fell upon Angelo's white face, unconscious as if in sleep, and on his upturned throat, over which a very thin red line of blood trickled down into his collar; and the flickering light of the lantern played upon another face that looked up from the feast upon two deep dead eyes that saw in spite of death—upon parted lips, redder than life itself—upon two gleaming teeth on which glistened a rosy drop. Then the priest, good old man, shut his eyes tight and showered holy water before him, and his cracked voice rose almost to a scream; and then Antonio, who is no coward after all, raised his pick in one hand and the lantern in the other, as he sprang forward, not knowing what the end should be; and then he swears that he heard a woman's cry, and the Thing was gone, and Angelo lay alone on the mound unconscious, with the red line on his throat and the beads of deathly sweat on his cold forehead. They lifted him, half dead as he was, and laid him on the ground close by; then Antonio went to work, and the priest helped him, though he was old and could not do much; and they dug deep, and at last Antonio, standing in the grave, stooped down with his lantern to see what he might see. His hair used to be dark brown, with grizzled streaks about the temples; in less than a month from that day he was as gray as a badger. He was a miner when he was young, and most of these fellows have seen ugly sights now and then, when accidents have happened, but he had never seen what he saw that night—that Thing which is neither alive nor dead, that Thing that will abide neither above ground nor in the grave. Antonio had brought something with him which the priest had not noticed. He had made it that afternoon—a sharp stake shaped from a piece of tough old driftwood. He had it with him now, and he had his heavy pick, and he had taken the lantern

down into the grave. I don't think any power on earth could make him speak of what happened then, and the old priest was too frightened to look in. He says he heard Antonio breathing like a wild beast, and moving as if he were fighting with something almost as strong as himself; and he heard an evil sound also, with blows, as of something violently driven through flesh and bone; and then, the most awful sound of all—a woman's shriek, the unearthly scream of a woman neither dead nor alive, but buried deep for many days. And he, the poor old priest, could only rock himself as he knelt there in the sand, crying aloud his prayers and exorcisms to drown these dreadful sounds. Then suddenly a small iron-bound chest was thrown up and rolled over against the old man's knee, and in a moment more Antonio was beside him, his face as white as tallow in the flickering light of the lantern, shoveling the sand and pebbles into the grave with furious haste, and never looking over the edge till the pit was half full; and the priest said that there was much fresh blood on Antonio's hands and on his clothes.

I had come to the end of my story. Holger finished his wine and leaned back in his chair. "So Angelo got his own again," he said. "Did he marry the prim and plump young person to whom he had been betrothed?"

"No; he had been badly frightened. He went to South America and has not been heard of since."

"And that poor thing's body is there still, I suppose," said Holger. "Is it quite dead yet, I wonder?"

I wonder, too. But whether it be dead or alive, I should hardly care to see it, even in broad daylight. Antonio is as gray as a badger, and he has never been quite the same man since that night.



The priest shut his eyes tight and showered holy water before him





The MIRACLE of TANNHAUSER MCGINNIS

By MELVILLE CHATER

OF course, the true Tannhäuser, whom you have seen through opera glasses, was an impressionable youth who wandered away to the Venusberg on a flirtation, and returned with remorse. He was cursed and shunned, and was haunted by a band of pilgrims who sang pious things at inopportune moments, making him feel bad. So he turned pilgrim himself, and wayfared to Rome, and after much discouragement his oaken staff blossomed miraculously into leaves, in token of forgiveness, at which he died from no apparent cause, while the chorus— But by that time you were putting on your wraps so as to get out before the crowd.

Tannhäuser McG. was small, sturdy, and stolid; he was guilty of nothing in particular, since poverty is no crime; his mother called him "Mein Fritzchen," and over on his avenue the boys of alien race called him "Sauerkraut," "Limburger," and "Pretzels," indiscriminately. When the occasion demanded especial irony, they would observe, "Ah, dere, McGinnis!" Still, if you please, we will call him Tannhäuser, first, because he went on a pilgrimage; next, because it was the name on the billboards before which he encountered Slovenly Peter, and last—but that you must take for granted, since it is the Miracle itself, and miracles are not to be accomplished without faith.

It may have been Germanic idealism or just plain childishness, but Tannhäuser McG. had faith enough for a whole gospel of miracles. His needs were few, and they had always been satisfied with the easy simplicity with which things happen when one touches an electric button. Even since his father had died, leaving an estate of one widow and three healthy children, life's small comforts had come almost, if not quite, as fluently as before; whether it was kites, baseballs, or roller skates, it needed but a short wait to some fine evening when there lay the object in virgin splendor, with his mother, just home from work, watching with spendthrift delight, as if she had merely thrust her hand in and pulled the thing forth from one of those inexhaustible chests which come in fairy tales. Or, perhaps, that was just her simple German way.

So it was a shock that, at that very season when one selects stockings in advance, and gives the janitor letters to post up the chimney, and awakens suddenly of mornings, half expecting to find premature signs of delight—it was indeed a shock that the mother of Tannhäuser McG. (then in her second week of illness, with the hospital in prospect) should have confessed sadly enough that the reindeers of Santa Claus had fallen lame, thus precluding the delivery of Christmas trees. Tannhäuser's two younger sisters, mere unreasoning babes, set up an impotent wail, but he, being possessed of his first knickerbockers, and that faith which moves mountains, silently swallowed a lump and stole off to consider. Soon he conceived a conviction, with all the slow tenacity of a plodding mind, that since the shop windows displayed holly and greens, the city could not be quite barren of Christmas commodities, reindeers notwithstanding. Therefore, all that remained was to find some one with a spare tree, which done—and there burst on him a stroke of splendid cunning—he would smuggle it home when everybody was in bed, and the next morning they would be none the wiser that it had not been left by the Saint himself.

Now, this was the night before that very eve whereon one, lying stark awake, watching for things to happen, falls vexatiously asleep; so very early the next day did Tannhäuser McG. steal forth upon his pilgrimage. And this was the manner of his going: with one hand in his trousers pocket, and the other thrust crosswise beneath the breast of his coarse reffer; with a peaked cap jammed over his eyes, his

tow hair straggling under the edges, like yellow fringe; with face screwed redly and shoulders hunched in the bitter wind, and one shin rubbing against the other leg for companionship on cold, lonely street corners.

But though a man has Christmas trees, can one guess it by his mere look? And though beautiful ladies know where the same may be found growing wild, why should they, laden with parcels and snow-sheeted umbrellas, stop short to tell of it? Tannhäuser crunched along many white, shoe-smeared sidewalks; he lurked with messenger boys under projecting ledges where the fakirs were spinning their mechanical toys on moist, black oases of pavement; he mixed with the throng before department-store windows, wherein the wonderful personages of his mother's fairy tales, including the fat Saint himself, revolved in gay, continuous procession. Twice did Tannhäuser essay to enter these rich realms, and was twice repulsed by liveried doorkeepers with contumely; but on the third attempt he stole through, and, cowering among the flux of the crowd, came at last to the inmost shrine, where a great tree, lighted and laden to distraction, towered dazzlingly over the shoppers' heads. But just as he was beginning to breathe normally again, and to assure himself that the proprietors

would never miss, say, one very small tree, an official detected him—for he had removed his cap and was hugging it squalidly to his bosom after the manner of his kind—and haled him into the street. Tannhäuser landed on the corner quite suddenly, a nearby policeman regarding him with marked disfavor, but he pulled himself together and resumed his pilgrimage, every inch of his round, red face alight with fresh vigor and optimism. His eyes had seen!

On the very next corner he overheard a heavily parceled man say: "Well, by-by! I've got to stop on my way to the ferry, to see if they've sent out that tree."

Tannhäuser trailed this man for blocks and blocks, and just when it seemed that they were about to walk out upon the ice-clogged river, his guide disappeared beneath the broad shed of a low, dingy corner building. After a few moments Tannhäuser followed. Within he found a sawdust-strewn floor piled with crates of celery and barrels of cranberries, potatoes, and apples, upon which sat a knot of burly men with pencils over their ears, clad in the strange midwinter costume of linen dusters and old straw hats. Tannhäuser was so shocked by the extraordinary inappropriateness of the place that he could barely find breath enough to make himself heard.

"I want," he faltered at length to the red-faced man who bent over him, "I want—that you should give me a Christmas tree."

The man stared from Tannhäuser up at his friends with the tickled stupefaction of one who has unearthed a prodigy; then amid the general roar of laughter he clapped him on the back and shouted: "Sure I will, the biggest in the bunch!"

Now, Tannhäuser McG. knew quite well the nature of a Christmas tree; it was a tall, dark-green plant budding with cornucopias, silvery fuzz, and red, white, and blue candles, and its fruit consisted of packages which held the very things one wanted; this, as he understood it, was the way Christmas trees grew. Therefore, when his friend, the man, flung open a side door, jovially bidding him take his choice, Tannhäuser was struck dumb to find himself staring up at a row of bare, dismal shrubs, their branches compressed within hempen bands, propped against the wall like so many huge, badly-folded umbrellas.

"Too heavy, eh?" grinned the man, catching the other's look. "Well, seein' it's you, I'll stand the express charges. Where to?" And before Tannhäuser could find words to explain, his friend had pulled down a tree and scrawled the address on a small tag which hung from its stem.

"But no!" faltered Tannhäuser. "Vere is der candles und popcorns und der all besides?"

The man stared stupidly, scratching the back of his neck with his pencil, then he burst into another great laugh.

"Oh," he said, "the fixin's? You buy them. Where? Well, most anywheres. Just ask your mommer."

And Tannhäuser, shouldering one end of his barren Christmas tree, tramped slowly, silently away; his pilgrimage was but begun.

All that long day he wandered about the city, trailing his tree after him through the snow. The man had said "almost anywhere," so that was where Tannhäuser went. Many people turned to look at him as he passed. Some of them stared, and then he felt guilty; others smiled, and then he would pause, waiting for the questions that they never asked. Sometimes he halted to scan shop windows, and then his tree would trip up men, causing them to swear. Boys greeted him with jeers, and, stripping off branches, lashed him across the legs, shouting as to a truck horse; giggly groups of matinee-girls turned to exclaim: "Oh, isn't he cute?" and tall policemen shooed



He struck a match and read the tag on the tree

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

(Continued on page 32)

The Rescue of Santa Claus



Verses by WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by EDWARD PENFIELD

T WAS Christmas Eve, and I believe
The hour was nine by the town clock's toll,
When Santa Claus, for the good o' the cause,
Was packing his sleigh nigh the cold North Pole.
And his fair, fat wife, from their cottage near,
Called to the Saint with a right good cheer,
"Remember your overshoes, Nick, my dear!"

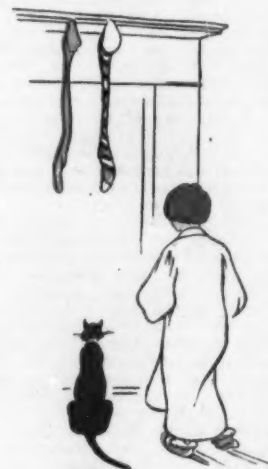
F INISHED at last, with the load made fast,
The sacks tied up and the sides tied down,
"Tut!" said the Saint, "now I hope I ain't
Fergotten that engine fer Willie Brown,
Or them million dolls with the j'inted knees,
Or them wooden soldiers, bound to please
In Boston, Spain, and the Hebrides."



H E pushed and tugged, and he pried and lugged,
And yelled "Gee-haw!" to his reindeer bold,
With many a hoist, till his brow was moist
With perspiration, in spite of the cold;
And he groaned and wept, as the truth was born
That the sun was rising, in rays forlorn,
O'er an Arctic-circular Christmas morn!

II

N OW what would you say of a Christmas day
With never a jolly
Old sprinkle of holly,
And never a present to make life gay?
Without a toy for a girl or boy,
From Bowling Green to Botany Bay?
Empty and limp and ashamed of themselves,
The stockings hung on the chimney shelves,
Where the children found them when they awoke.



F IRST they thought it a practical joke;
And then a sigh,
And then a cry
And a sob and a yell in chorus broke.
Such a bedlam of bawls and sniffles and squalls!
Till the sun stood still on the brow of the hill
And the town clock stopped in the big church steeple,
And kings and counselors, priests and people
Grew excited, alarmed, afraid,
And ran away in grief and tears,
Or plugged glass stoppers into their ears,
For the terrible noise that the children made.

S OBS in Germany, screams in France,
Howls in England, and wails in Wales,
Then over America's broad expanse,
Where Young America's will prevails,
A terrible noise:
"We want our toys!"
"Where's that doll I was going to get?"
"Where's my wooden automobile?"
"My rocking horse?" "My soldier set?"
And whistles blew,
And the bells rang too,
To try to drown the hullabaloo,
Till folks in vain cried, "Please keep quiet!"
And Congress met to suppress the riot.

III

P OOR Santa Claus, in that awful pause,
On the icy peak of the Polar region,
Sat looking glum, as he sighed: "Hum, hum!
If only I had a carrier pigeon!
But there you are—and here I am—
But stay! I have it! the Fates I'll flum
By sending a wireless telegram!"

S O he wrote this down:
"To Willie Brown,
Grand Rapids, Mich.—
I am totally wrecked
On the very peak of the North Pole bleak—
Bring all the children you can collect
And come at once to the rescue, please."
So he sent this telegram overseas,
Obligingly borne by a boreal breeze.

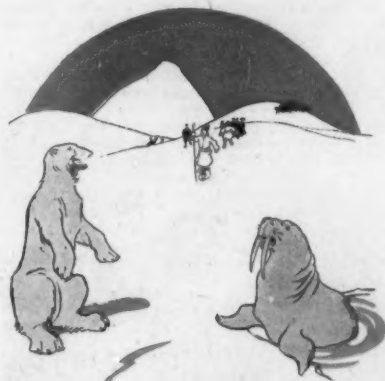




IV

NOW Willie Brown was a willing boy,
Dire disappointed, like all the rest;
So he read the message and cried with joy,
"It's a difficult task, but I'll do my best."
And he worked for all that a boy is worth
To send the tidings over the earth,
And in less than an hour, with a gladsome whooping,
Armies and armies came merrily trooping:
Children, light and brown and white,
Children, black and yellow and pink,
Portuguese and Cingalese,
Many a tiny, pig-tailed Chink,
Spanish, Danish, Scottish, and Jap,
Russian, Prussian, Persian, and Lapp,
And just a few
(Say one or two)
Cannibal babes from the Isle of Yap.

SO line on line they started forth
Merrily for the frozen North,
Some afoot and some awheel,
Clothes-horse, hobby-horse, automobile,
Go-cart, goat-cart, dog-cart, sleigh,
Street-car, hand-car, ice-wagon, dray,
Chattering, pattering, clattering down,
Straight through the town,
With soldierly tread;
And at their head
Marched the handsome General, Willie Brown.



IT was New Year's dawn (for they had been gone
A week) when the children all came back.
And each one bore a bushel or more
Of taffy and popcorn piled in a sack,
And each some toys of his own, they say;
While peanut shucks were strewn all the way
From New York Harbor to Baffin's Bay.

NINE o'clock. When the New Year's
moon
Over the chimneys goldly smiled
Each little head was safe in bed;
Every curl-locked, tow-topped child
Lay at rest, and tightly pressed
Close to the beat of each tiny breast
Lay some morsel of Christmas joy,
Some little favorite painted toy.



AND the first they knew
They had gone straight through
The Northern Capes and the Arctic Shaws,
Where the whale pipes high
And the penguins cry,
And the gentleman walrus groans and bawls,
Through Behring Straits, where the gnomes of Nome
Cried: "My! those children are far from home!"

BUT they trudged away through the winter's day,
And never a word of complaint spoke they;
For they couldn't rest and they couldn't pause—
Weren't they searching for Santa Claus?
Till, "Pole in the offing!" some one yelled,
And all of a sudden they beheld,
With a joyous scream,
Like a happy dream
Or a glorious steeple of pure ice cream,
The Pole itself, and on a shelf,
Smoking his pipe in an icy nook,
Sat good Saint Nick a-whittling a stick
And looking as glum as a Saint can look.

FORWARD! Charge!" comes the shrilly cry,
As the army covers the glaciers high,
Clambering, chattering over the climb
Like a flock of chickens at feeding time.
Over the steep of ice and snow,
Upward, upward, the children go,
Never a slow-foot, never a fear,
Shouting and laughter, cheer on cheer,
Till a wee, proud tot, as he leaps in the van,
Falls in the arms of the Grand Old Man.

V

YOU wish, you say, to be told the way
The children fell on that pack of toys?
The task, I think, would require more ink
Than my well contains or my pen employs.
But this I've heard, and this I know—
The Pole that day felt a warmer glow
Than a Pole should feel in the Land of Snow.



SPANISH, Danish, English, and Swede,
Russian, Prussian, Irish, and Jappy,
Tired but happy,
Safe from the wilds of frosty Nome,
Each returned to his cosy home,
Each returned to his cottage neat,
Mother and Father and Grandma sweet.

VI

AND a chuckle of mirth as wide as the
Earth
Seemed to float through the moonlit
pause,
Seemed to rhyme with the snow sprite's
chime,
"Bless 'em, they couldn't lose Santa
Claus!"

AGAMEMNON and the Fall of TROY

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

An account of what led up to a very successful Christmas entertainment in the smiling town of Cactus

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST



"The poor sick man lyin' there—his hands turned palm up on the covers"

ME and Aggy were snuggled up against the sandpaper edge as cute as anything, said Hy Smith. Even our consciences had gone back on us—they didn't have nothing to work on. The town looked like it had been deserted and then found by a party of citizens worse off than the first. The only respectable thing in the hull darn shack-heap was Aggy's black long-tailed coat and black-brimmed hat. And they made the rest of the place look so miserable that Ag wouldn't have wore 'em if he'd had another hat and a shirt. We was a pair of twin twisters that had busted our proud and graceful forms on a scrap-iron heap.

I s'pose it was the terrible depression of bein' stuck in such a hole, or some sudden weakenin' of the brain; but anyhow, in that same town of Lost Dog, Agamemnon G. Jones and Hy Smith ran hollerin' into a faint-away game. We paid ten dollars for a map showin' the location of the Lost Injun mine, from a paralytic partially roomin' at the Inter-Cosmopolitan Hotel. The Inter-Cosmopolitan had got pretty near finished, when the boom exploded with a loud sigh. One-half the roof was missin', and the clapboardin' didn't come quite to the top, but that paralytic took it good-natured, sayin' that as he wasn't more'n half a man, half a hotel was plenty good enough for him. But ah! he allus wound up, if he could get the proper motion in his hind legs, he'd be up and find his Lost Injun mine, and after that no dull care for him.

I ain't goin' to describe that gentleman any more. When I say he unloaded a map of that Lost Injun mine, with the very spot marked with a red cross, anybody'll understand that the paralysis hadn't affected his head none. You see, he was so quiet and patient under his afflictions, and he talked it off so smooth, that the flyest gent that ever lived could be excused for slippin' up and gettin' stuck in the discourse before he knew that gravitation was workin' at the same old stand.

Now, for a straight-away dream-builder give me Aggy. He could talk the horns off a steer, and that steer would beller with happiness to think he was rid of a nuisance. Ag stood six-foot-two by two-foot-six, and when he had the long tailed coat, the plug hat, and his general-in-the-army whiskers working right, he only had to stick one hand in his vest and begin, "Fellow-Citizens and Gentlemen," and he could start anything from a general war to a barber-shop expedition to gather North Poles. Give him a good, honest, up-right gang of men that would weigh two hundred a head, and Aggy could romp with their money or them, so the worst used monkey in the cage would go home pleased.

Ag was built to play with huskies, not paralytics; so one day when he stooped and turned sideways to get into the paralytic's room, treadin' soft on the boards so's not to land the outfit in the cellar, the sight of the poor sick man lyin' there—everlastingly lyin'—his helpless hands turned palm up on the covers, why, old Ag's heart was touched. He was that kind of grasshopper, Ag, to whipsaw you out of a hundred and then lend you five hundred, even if he had to rip the pelt off somebody else to get it. I asked him about that trait onct. "Why, Hy, my boy," says he with his thumb in his vest, and his twenty-five cent cigar in his teeth—we was livin' at the risk of a high-roller hotel at the time—"in the first place, I'm a gentleman in disguise, and carelessness allows me to drop the disguise now

and then; besides that," says he, "I hate these here conventions. Because I touch Mr. Jones for his wad, must I there-for scramble Mr. Ferguson? And if I stake Ferguson, must I open a free lunch for the country? Now, God forbid!" says Ag. "I started out being pleased by doing the things that pleased me, regardless of the vulgar habits of the mob. The mob can select its destination at any or all times it pleases, but I'm going to be Agamemnon G. Jones," says he. "The unexpected always happens, and I'm the unexpected," he says. You wouldn't ask for a man to keep his state-

ments clearer than that. I was the only person had a line on him. I'd figger out every possibility for him and then sleep peaceful, knowin' that it had come off different.

So while nobody'd figger on Ag's gettin' stuck by a paralytic, darned if he didn't come away with a map in his hands. "Here is our fortune, Henry," says he.

Well, now, I jumped sideways. "Look here, Aggy Jones, do you mean to say that legless wonder has stuck you?"

"Mr. Troy conveyed all rights in the property to me for \$10, paid in hand, including this method of findin' out where it is," says he.

"Where'd you get the \$10, and me not know it?" says I.

"Trivial, trivial," says Ag.

"And do you expect to follow that dotted line until you stub your toe over a half-ton nugget?"

"Frivolous, frivolous," says Ag.

"Yes," I says, "yes. Trivial? frivolous—all right—but what's that red cross?"

"Shows the location plainly," says he, shiftin' his cigar. "Where the arms of that cross intersect, we double it, or turn nurses in the army."

Well, I stared at him. Too much thinkin' goes to a man's head sometimes.

"You feel anything strange about you anywheres?" says I.

"Yes," says he. "This map—

Accordin' to the scale of miles these here arms on the cross are somethin' like fifty miles long. Ah, what a merry, merry time we shall have, Hy, chasin' up and down glass mountains, eatin' prickly pear, drinking rarely, and cullin' a rattlesnake here and there to twine in our locks. It will seem like old times, dropping a rock in your boots in the mornin' to quell the quivering centipede and the up-standing and high-jumping tarantula."

"Say," says I, "do you think there's a mine here at all?"

"Mine!" says he, like I'd asked a most unexpected question. "Mine? Have we lived out of eyeshot of the most remarkable mine in the United States and Canada at any time we smoked the trail?"

"No," says I, "that's so; but, Ag, you ain't goin' to push for that red cross out in the middle of hell's ash-heap, are you?"

"Only a little ways," says he; "it's time we left this anti-money trust behind us, and I always like to leave dramatically, if it's only to give the sheriff a run."

"More fast-footin' in this?"

"Nary, but we shall meet some of our fellow townsmen on the river to-morrow—all men

who haven't done us a bit of good—and then we'll flap our gliders to a gladder land."

"But that ten dollars—"

"Look here. Let's *again* settle this money question once for all. Am I the financial expert for this party?"

"You be."

"Selah," says Ag. "And unlike the corporations in the effete East, where a high collar marks the gentleman, we mix amusement with our lives?"

"Sure," says I.

"Well, then," says Aggy, speaking with the frankness and affection of one or more friends to another, "I ask you to swallow your tongue and watch events."

"Keno," says I. "Produce your events."

So the next day we hoofed it out toward the south-east, packin' grub only, and I never says a word.

Bimeby we see a lot of people comin' a horseback, on board wagons, and runnin' afoot.

"Each man with a map," says Ag. "Look at 'em dodge, Hy. They go out of sight for seconds at the time—Shall we gather by the river, the beautiful, the beautiful Squaw River?"—I reckon."

We did. Everybody seemed surprised at seein' everybody else.

"Just come out for a picnic, friends?" says Ag.

"Oh, yes," says everybody. "Great old day and nice spot here—tired of town—thought we'd make a holiday."

"Good, good," says Aggy, his honest face gleamin' with joy. "Let's all eat now and swop maps afterward."

Things kind of stopped for a minute. If a man was unhitchin' a mule, he waited till you could count 1, 2, 3, and then continerend.

"What'd ye mean by 'map'?" says one lad, bent under a horse to hide his face.

"What do I mean?" says Ag, offended. "Why, I mean just what Noah Webster meant when the dove came back bringin' the definition to his ark. I mean map—m-a-p, map—a drawin' that shows you the way to get to a red cross that doesn't exist on the face of nature. I like green crosses as a matter of taste, but all our paralyzed friend had left was a red one, so I took that, not to be unsociable."

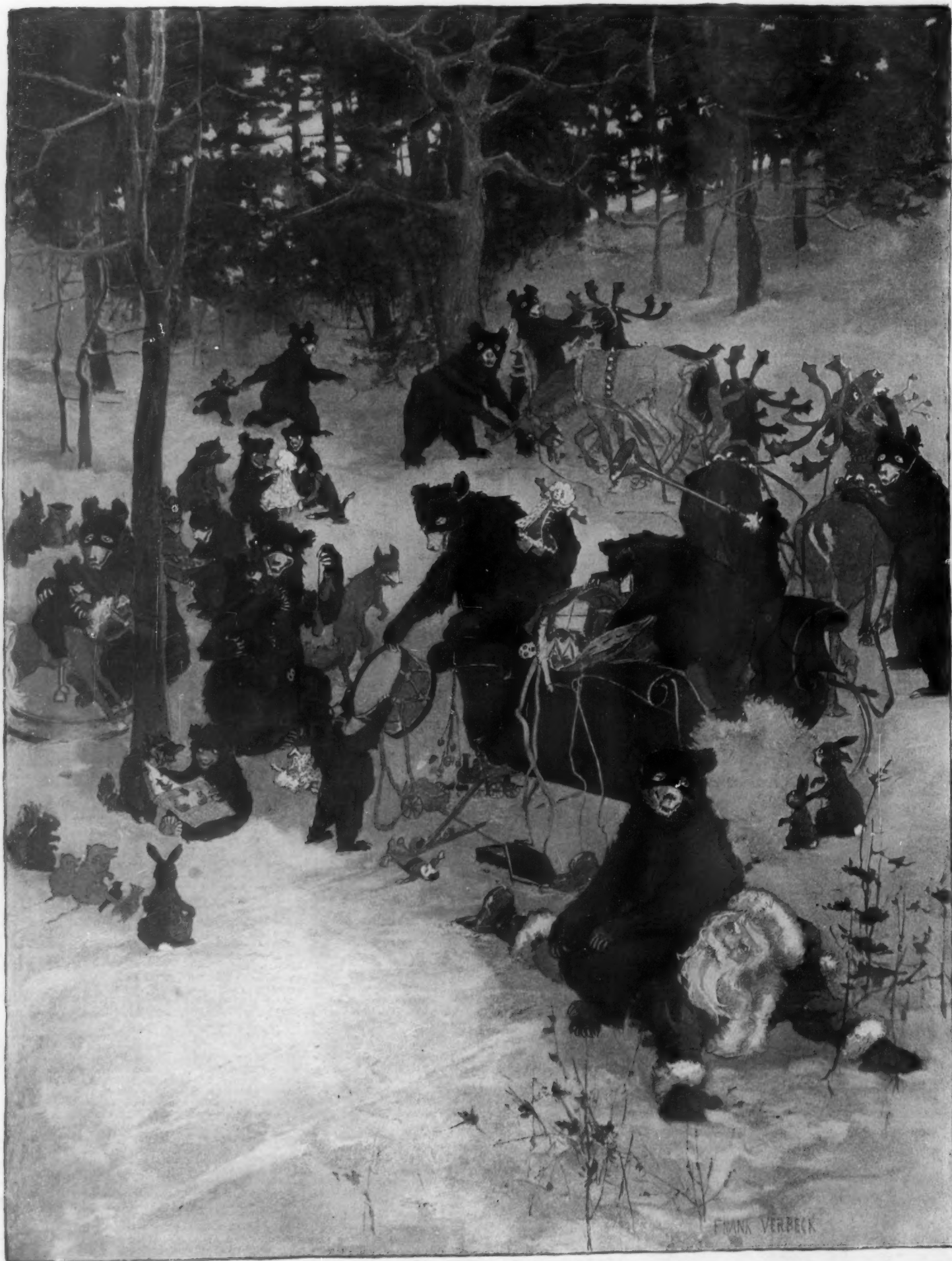
I've been at pleasanter lookin' picnics.

Finally the feller under the horse did some deep thinkin' and come out. "Have you honest got a map?" says he.

"To the Lost Injun mine? 'Heigh-o, the Lost Injun!'" sings Aggy. "Here she is, my friend, with all



"There was Troy, talkin' honey to Jack's girl"



A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP

DRAWN BY FRANK VERBECK

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"I'm very sorry," says Ag. "We are strangers here, and we only knew a friend of Miss Goodwin's."

"Why," says the girl, "Lorna's right back of us. Shall I take you to her?"

Aggy bowed. "With such a guide, I'll follow anywhere," says he, "and I certainly would like to see Miss Goodwin."

"Excuse me a moment, Jim," says the girl, and off they went. I don't think I ever noticed what a handsome big cuss Ag was till seein' him walk beside that girl. Jim, the feller, wasn't so pleased. Howsomever, there was old Aggy, all in a minute, shakin' hands with many people and representing everything there was in sight, as usual. Then he marched the crowd up and introduced us all. Say, I've lived a sort of hasty life, full of high jumps, but I'll admit that strollin' around with all them nice girls and young fellers left a sore spot. I enjoyed it, but— Well, I had hold of something with hair as light as the sun in a haze, and with big blue eyes that looked up at me, when the head was bent down—and I can be as big a fool as any monkey in these United States—and the first thing you know, there won't be anything but girl in my conversation.

Anyhow, we stood well with the community and learned to our surprise that Christmas was only four days off. I hadn't knowed what day it was within a month.

The next day we found out somethin' still more surprisin'—at least Ag did.

"Do you know that we have a miracle in our midst, friends?" says he to me and the cow-punch. "Answer by mail. We have, and I'll tell you right now. The maimed and the halt are walking. The seller of maps is now beginning to get church funds in his hands; the one-time paralytic is the gayest birdie that flies, and worse'n that, he's making a bold play for Jack Hunter's girl, as her Pah-pah wears gold in his clothes to keep out the moths."

"He's making a strong push, so the head-waiter-lady tells me, and she thinks it's a shame, because he has a shifty eye, for all his religious talk, and Lorna's such a nice girl. 'Twas the kind friend who has the cellar on the corner, where anti-prohibition folks may indulge their religion unmolested, that told me of the work. He spotted him for a crook first peep. Also he seemed to grasp the fact that these almost orthodox whiskers of mine had been cut in other ways. So we talked confidential. The barkeep liked Cactus and prohibition, and said he didn't want the people done dirt by a putty-faced ex-potato-bug. 'These boys,' says he, 'put away more good stuff than the drinkers. They want the cussed rum disposed of forever. I make as high as thirty a day in this little joint, and the other part of the town is strictly on the level. Couldn't you give our friend, Mr. Paris, a gentle push?'"

"My God!" says I, "that bucko will be Helen the Fair and the rest of Homer if he ain't roped! He's making too free with old-time literature. He used to be Troy," I says to the barkeep, and then I come here.

"Well, durn his tintype!" says we, "how did you get a look at him?"

"Introduced," says Ag, "he more'n half remembered me, but the strange place, the new cut in the whiskers, the hearty handshake, and the fact that I'd just come from N' York did the trick."

"Well, ain't you kind of got it in for him yet?" says the cow-punch.

Ag looked at him. "No," says he, "I revere him. But when he comes to ringin' in ancient history, he'll find that I'm a wooden horse that can gallop—that I'm only called Agamemnon for fun. That, really, I used to spank our former friend, Achilles, to develop his nervous system. Oh, no!" says Ag, "Troy to me is only a system of measurements, a myth, or the damndest hole in the U. S. However, we shall be at the Christmas tree. And Mr. Troy—Paris will be there, also, as little as he dreams it."

We spent the next few days in a state of restlessness, because Aggy said he'd explain when the news would do us good. One thing made the cow-punch ready for gun practice right off. Mr. Troy was a slippery cuss, and he had rather ki-boshed Jack Hunter's girl. He hung around her, fetched and carried, nailed up greens for her and all that, till you could see he was leaving himself two trails—either skip with the funds or marry the girl. He had one day left to choose. Having loosed the townsfolk into giving him the management of the festivities, he stood well, and he wasn't a

bad looker neither. He had an easy, slippery tongue for a young girl: not like Ag's methods—in any gatherin' Ag could make George Washington or General Grant look like visitors—but smooth and languishin'.

I had to calm the cow-punch by telling him we was in a law and order community, and that shootin' was rude, also that Aggy could be counted on to do everything necessary. That morning Ag gave me strict orders, according to which I loped out to a little canyon where a spring bubbled, and there, sure enough, was Troy, talkin' honey to Jack's girl. I slid close enough to hear him. He made out a good case, but when it come to the last card the girl wasn't so interested in the story. She had sense after all; girl's can't be blamed for being a little foolish. Well, Troy, he argued and urged, till at last up gits little Lorna and says its impossible, and that there's another man in the question, and so Troy stands there mournful till she's out of sight, and then hikes for the railroad, with a

face, and with a pair of lamp scissors he roached Troy's mane like a mule—and, well, he did make something uncommon out of Troy.

"Lovely thing!" says Ag, coquettish, and pokes him with his finger.

Troy, he didn't say nothing. In fact, when you come to think of it, there wasn't many sparkling thoughts for him to put out.

"I got a few other traps we need," says Ag, pulling out a long coiled wire spring (off a printing press, I reckon). "Come on," he says, "and we'll fix something to entertain all the children." We put a belt on Troy, run a line through it and hitched on the spring. The cow-punch, he crawled up to the peak of the roof with a pulley, made it fast and passed Mr. Troy's line through it. Then Ag took a brace and bit, boring a one-inch hole in the floor, and give instructions to a pair of Injuns in the cellar.

Then we yee-heed brother Troy to the top of the tree, running the rope's end down the hole to the Injuns. Troy had a lighted candle tied fast to each hand.

"Now, you Greek mythology," says Ag, "mind my words; you are to flap your arms and squeak 'Mah-mah' as you merrily go up and down; otherwise, my kyind assistants in the cellar are instructed to pull down so hard that when they let go, you and that abled-bodied spring will fly right through the roof. Light the candles, boys." We lit the candles, slipped the curtain, and the crowd filed in—face to face with Brother Troy, blue-haired Troy; ringed, striped, and be-speckled; flyin' through the air ten foot a trip, flappin' his arms and yelling "Mah-mah."

I reckon no such thing had ever been beheld by anybody in that church before, no matter how many Christmas trees they'd seen. They just stood like they was charmed, and their heads and hands was keeping motion with Troy.

Ag give two small knocks with his heel, and Troy went right up into the darkness; the cow-punch grabbed him, cut his lines and said: "Skin, you sucker! Hike along the edge and jump out the belfry."

The folks thought it was a grand piece arranged for their benefit, and they hollered and laughed and clapped their hands. But there was one deacon who hadn't been nursed by the Dove of Peace all his life. In fact, he reminded me of a man who used to deal stud-poker up Idaho way; and he came around and cast a steady eye on Aggy.

"You people might have lost there," says Aggy, passing out the minister's purse and the other truck. "Paris is gay and not orthodox."

The deacon, he nodded his head. "I had a pipe line run on that geeser from the minute he blew in," says he. "Where's he now?"

"Runnin' fast," says Aggy; "just where I don't know."

"You gentlemen goin' to tarry with us?" says the deacon. "It's a fine little town and I'm glad to be good, but

crimp my hair if I don't feel lonesome at times. I should like to exchange reminiscences occasionally. I hope you'll stay."

"It's a pleasant man who keeps the corner cellar," says Ag, "but his whiskey has the flavor of old rags. Now my throat—"

"Don't say a word," says the deacon, drawin' a small half gallon flask out of his clothes. "Do the snake-swallowin' act to your heart's content, gentlemen, and remember there's just simply barrels more where that comes from. And now," says he, when the gurgling stopped, "let's go in and see the fun. Them's awful innocent, good-hearted folk, boys. I tell you straight, it works in through my leather to see 'em play."

We stepped where we could look at them; happy-faced mothers, giggling and happy little kids, and pretty girls—lots of 'em. And it lit through my hide, too.

"I s'pose you kin explain, Mr. Jones?" says the deacon, punchin' Ag in the ribs.

"Explain?" says Ag, proud. "Appoint me custodian of the bottle, and I hereby agree to explain anything; why brother Paris left us so completely, what became of Charley Ross, who struck Billy Patterson, where are the ships of Tyre, or any other problem the mind of man can conjure, from twice two to the handwriting on the wall."

"Forrud, march," says the deacon simply, and we jined them kind and gentle people under the Christmas tree.



"We slipped the curtain, and the crowd filed in—face to face with Brother Troy, flappin' his arms"

two-hundred dollar cash present for the minister in his pocket, and probably another seventy-five or a hundred in odds and ends.

And after him went Hy Smith, also. He flagged a train about a mile out of town and hopped aboard. I come out of the bush and took the last car, telling the brakie a much-needed man had got on forward. Also, I took the Con. into my confidence. So just when we pulled into the next town I steps behind Mr. Troy, puts a gun against the back of his neck and read the paper Ag had prepared for me.

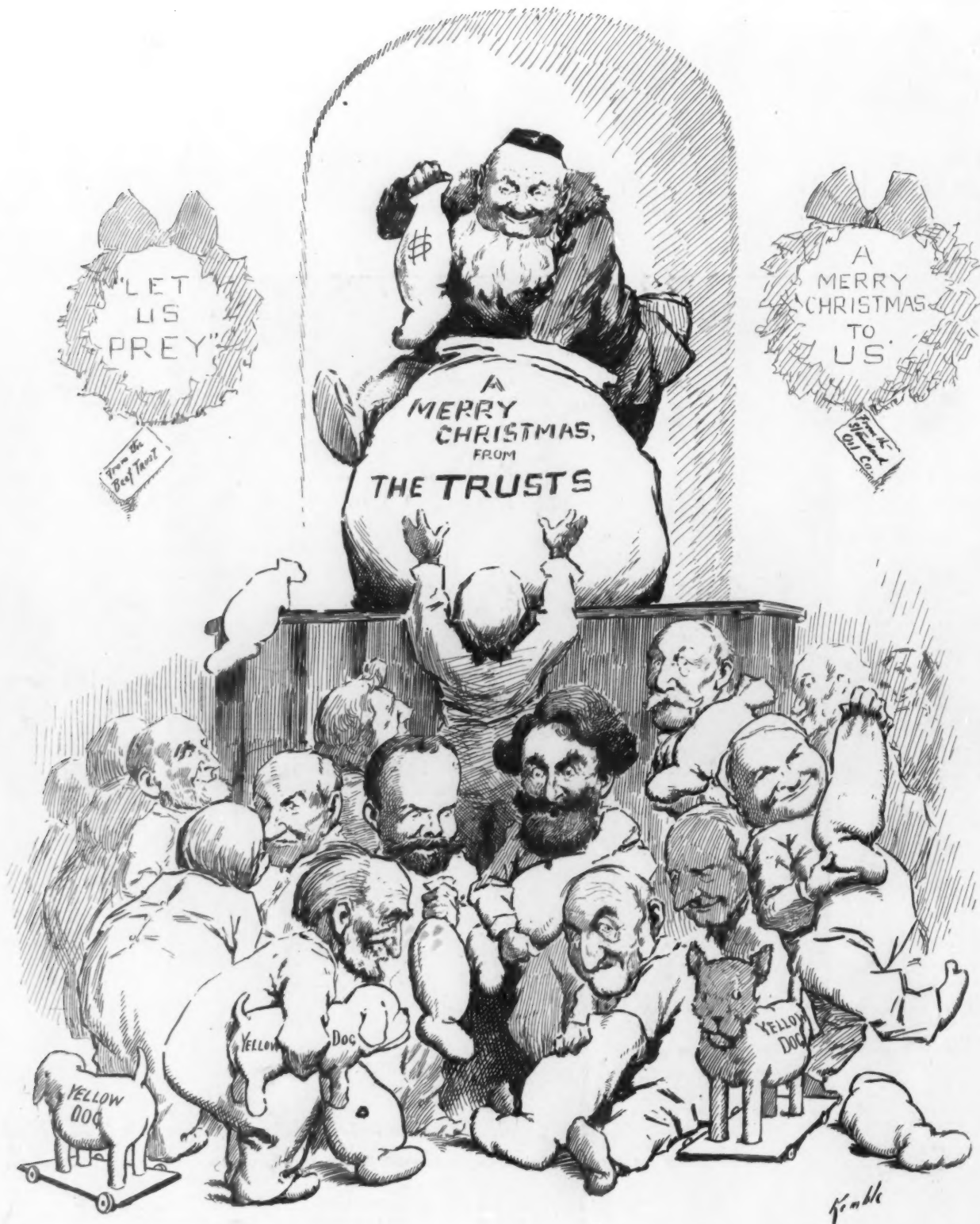
"Now, Mr. Troy, alias Paris, alias Goat, etc., come with me, or go forward in the ice-box. Don't make a fuss or we'll alarm the ladies—I've read you the warrant!"

He walked ahead as meek as Moses. By a cross-cut across the hills it weren't more than four mile to Cactus, and Troy stepped it like a four-year-old.

We come in behind the church. "That you, Hy?" says Ag. "Bring our friend, Mr. Troy, through the rear. If you don't know the way, he'll sell you a map for ten dollars."

"Whenever you want to die, just holler," says I to Troy. It was a quiet journey. When we got inside, there was Ag and the cow-punch, smiling kindly. Ag was mixing paint in a pot.

"They used few colors in this edifice," says Ag, "otherwise I could have produced something surprising. Blue for the hair," says he, "a sign of purity." So he painted Troy's hair blue. And he painted a red stripe down the nose and small queer rings all over his



SANTA CLAWS IN THE SENATE

COME hither, little Senators,
And open up your paws—
My! just you look at Uncle John
A-playing Santa Claws!
He holds the bag (don't call it swag)
For all his darling boys
With rocks and stocks to fill their sox—
(Here, Chauncey, stop your noise!)

*Christmas gifts and Christmas cheer,
Something nice for every dear
Who's been a good boy all the year.*

SEE how Lodge and Gorman smile,
Thanking of their stars,
Glad because dear Santa Claws
Has given them some cars;
See how Clark doth gayly lark
In a mad carouse
Because he's got some gingerbread
To stick upon his House.

*Santa Claws is very kind,
And all the little Orphans find
It's just like stealing from the blind.*

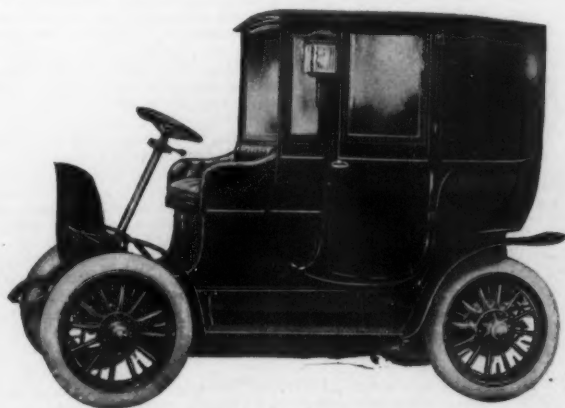
SO other little Senators
A lesson here may con:
Be kind to those who fill your hose,
And mind your Uncle John.
And if you don't believe me, boys,
You only have to try it
To get a whack at Santa's sack—
(Now, Chauncey, you be quiet!)

*Just legislate per C. O. D.
For those who run the G. O. P.
And you may shake the Christmas tree!*

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AGLANCE AT RECENT FICTION



By ROBERT BRIDGES

The Christmas Spirit in "Back Home"

THERE are scores of books that have been made especially for the Christmas season—rich in binding and pictures, and with that look of luxury that you like to have about a gift, no matter how little it costs. But very few of them have the real Christmas spirit in the text—spontaneous and natural—and not pumped up in a certain fashion, because Dickens once did it superlatively well. But among them all, this prolific season, there is one that ought to warm the hearts of a lot of men, and make them feel as boys at Christmas time; it is "Back Home," by Eugene Wood. The beauty of that story is that every reader will feel that he is part author of it. You will supplement every page of it with memories of your own, and when you have finished it, with a blur in your eyes, you will not know exactly where your stories and Mr. Wood's were welded.

Whether or not the book will make this appeal to the New England born, I do not know—for it is essentially a Middle-State book. The author, I believe, came from the Western Reserve, and that was settled from New England, but the talk in this book isn't Yankee; these boys had Pennsylvania blood in their veins. Their speech bewrayeth them. When Mr. Wood's hero threw a stone and called it a "dornick," he proved his lineage. Did any of the old stone fighters in the Middle States ever have any other weapon than a "dornick"?

I only know two other books that have these real Middle-State boys in them—Howells's "A Boy's Town" and William Allen White's "The Court of Boyville" (and that is true even though Boyville was in Kansas, for the people came from our States). The boys of Aldrich, Trowbridge, Oliver Optic, and Edward Everett Hale, were all good friends of ours, and we liked to read about them—but "Back Home," in the old Keystone Literary Society, we never quite felt that we knew them. They were not exactly our kind, and I doubt if we would have asked them to play "Harrow" or "Town's Den" with us. But these boys of Mr. Wood's speak our language. Not quite though; you are all wrong, my friend, when you call it a "mouth-harp"—you know as well as you're settin' there that our gang always called it "Jewzarp," and it was only when we were dressed up Saturday afternoon and went to buy one at Kule's store that you called it a "mouth-organ"—that was because your face was shiny and your hair plastered down, and you had to have your manners on.

Your "Christmas Back Home" is the real thing—no weak imitation of old English authors in it. But I wish that you had gone on a little further, just to six o'clock on Christmas morning, when you and Bill shivered over the cold floor and downstairs to the chimney and felt over your Christmas gifts in the dark. You remember the nice paint smell of a box of soldiers, and the scrumptious stickiness of "clear toys"? And the lump of coal and the cold buckwheat cake that you fooled Bill with? But all that is our story and not yours, and you are the sleight-of-hand man who has brought it back to us—in the language that all good fellows once spoke "Back Home."

Tarkington's "Conquest of Canaan"

IN "The Conquest of Canaan," by Booth Tarkington, there is a great deal of this Old Home spirit—the same kind of people grown up, and engaged in more serious things. The atmosphere of an old Indiana town is reproduced as only Tarkington can draw it. The morning debate of the ancient loafers at the windows of the National House puts you right into the spirit of the town and its gossip. Immediately you become a true provincial, with all the likes and dislikes, and the ineradicable prejudices of the town. You see Joe Loudon and Ariel Tabor and Gene Bantry through their narrow minds, and feel the hardness of the wall of misunderstanding that Joe must break down before he can conquer the good-will of Canaan. The dog has a bad name from the start, and this is the story of how he lived it down.

Every character is individualized—he is native to the town and could be nothing else. The grim humor of the Middle West is always present, no matter how tragic the situation. Even when wrong-headed these people mean to be fair. A few of them are downright mean or wicked—and in the end they are found out, as is bound to be the case in most American towns.

With all its realism, the story is essentially romantic. Ariel Tabor is a heroine of romance. From Canaan to Paris, from uncouth youth to resplendent maturity, from poverty to riches, she marches her entrancing way—but preserves through it all the sweet spirit and the daring loyalty that conquer all things. Romance also attends the sordid battle of the scapegrace Joe. He sees the world on its roughest sides, and keeps the ideals of his starved and repressed boyhood. It is a splendid battle that he makes, and the fascination of the story lies in the engaging quality of his fight against heavy odds.

A certain refinement of style and delicacy of fancy pervades all that Mr. Tarkington writes. There are gaps in this story—things that are not quite worked out, situations that are suggested but not proved, visions that are not entirely cleared from the mist; but what is achieved is always the result of artistic conception. And the writing of it has the stamp of individuality—the grace of style.

The Troubles of a Yankee in the South

NORAH DAVIS, the author of "The Northerner," is an Alabama woman, and therefore ought to be able to give the Southern point of view. The theme of her story is the fight which a young Northern business man makes against certain Southern prejudices in one of the growing towns of the New South where he has purchased the electric light and power plant. The story is written with vigor and directness, and the honors are pretty evenly divided between North and South, so far as strength of character is concerned. The hero is a Yankee, but his best friend and the girl he loves are Southern. The people of the town, as a whole, are revealed as full of animosity against the hero. He wasn't a man of tact, and he ran against most of their pet hobbies in a brusque way. To put a negro motorman on a trolley car was his most violent offence against their inherited feelings. That a people who have been driven about in family coaches for generations by negroes should object to the race handling electricity instead of leather reins is hardly conceivable. The negro porter on a Pullman is certainly more conspicuously in evidence all the time in the South than a poor motorman braving the elements on a front platform. But according to Miss Davis's story there is a difference.

At any rate the hero went through fire and blood for his convictions. Whether in the end he won out in his fight, we are not clearly shown. He had a legal victory that blocked the schemes of men who were plotting to ruin him financially. But that sort of a fight is going on all the time in towns without sectional prejudice. The essential thing to our peace of mind is that he won the girl who was the finest product of Dixie.

The novel is not well constructed; it wobbles between two motives—love and business. It jumps from one situation to another over very evident ditches. The effect is not cumulative; it is a series of episodes and not a novel. But it is interesting, and written with fire and some heat.

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"And Phosphorus is the most nearly-alive stuff in the world."

"It is Phosphorus that makes the Yolk of an Egg grow into a Chicken."

"And it is Phosphorus that makes a large Head of Wheat, on a mighty tall Straw, grow out of the tiny Germ or 'Heart' in a single grain of Wheat, when planted."

"And it is Phosphorus in Food, that makes Children grow into stalwart Men, and Robust Women."

"Yes, and it is Phosphorus that made Edison's Inventions, Shakespeare's Books, and Hobson's Nerve at the Merrimac incident."

"Because, it is Phosphorus that the Brain uses up in Thinking, and the Nerves use up in Working, just as a Steam Engine uses up Coal in producing Steam and turning that into Power."

"Where do you get your Phosphorus from, Neighbor? Are you getting enough of it?"

"Few people get all they can use of it, because few know where to look for it."

"No, Sir,—not from the Drug Store!"

"Because, Drug-Store Phosphorus is about the same as you find on the end of a Match."

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"You've got to get your Phosphorus from Wheat, Neighbor,—that's if you want the most for your Money, and the best for your System."

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"That's where your daily ration of Phosphorus should come from, and is ready waiting for you."

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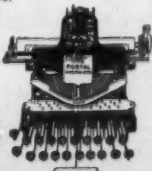
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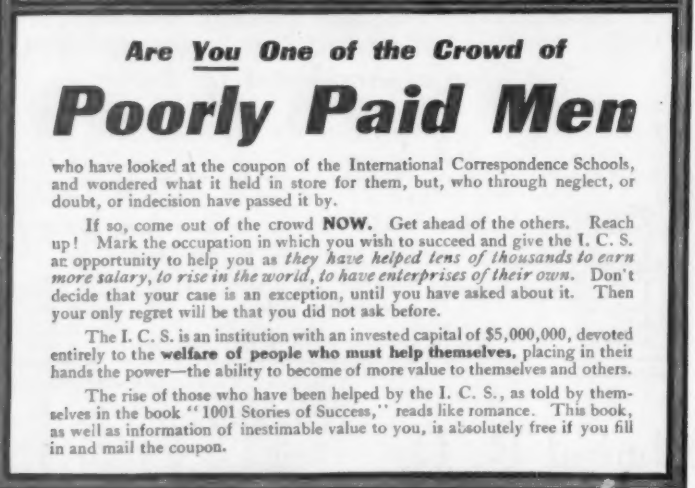
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The Miracle of Tannhauser McGinnis

(Continued from page 21)

him sternly along from block to block. By and by the afternoon glowered grayly into dusk; wan globes of light burst forth overhead, toning the trodden vistas of snow into one white, blank waste; cars whizzed by with a yellow glare; the rows of dim shop windows leaped into vivid illumination; it was night. And meanwhile the barren Christmas tree had become more dragged and barren than ever, and Tannhauser himself, from his optimistic temperament to his dinnerless insides, had grown hopelessly desolate and oppressed.

At length he paused, bewildered, beneath a great wall plastered with play-bills and lined by men bearing booklets which they thrust forth, with strange cries, at the crowd that poured through sheltered portals toward a glimpse of electric-lighted radiance within. He wondered which was the way home; also he thought on certain legendary policemen who had carried lost little boys to the station-house and fed them on red apples. Perhaps, he reflected, eying the tree, that such a one might even give him— But crash! He had run into Slovenly Peter!

It was a young man who extricated himself from the tree and recovered his hat with some words. In that moment his mop of disordered hair recalled to Tannhauser with grotesque dread the gigantic pompadour of the straddle-legged sloven in his "Struwpeter Book" at home. Otherwise, the young man did not at all resemble Peter; his finger-nails were not a foot long, and as he fumbled for his handkerchief an expanse of white, imposing shirt-frontage was revealed.

"What the devil!" began Slovenly Peter, wiping his eyeglasses. "What do you mean by dragging that thing about for people to trip over?"

Tannhauser had but one reply, which he had been nursing in expectation all afternoon. "Now, from the very depth of his fright it faltered forth.

"I want," he said, "that I should have every'thing what is on a Christmas tree put."

"Then buy them," retorted Slovenly Peter. "Any department store! But don't go around making people break their necks."

Tannhauser did not seem to understand; his slow mind had become dominated by one crushing idea.

"Dey don't come mit der tree!" he murmured piteously.

"Of course not!" snapped Peter. "You don't expect things to bud on it, do you?"

Then the crowd surged between them, and Peter turned and hurried through the doors, for already there was a long line at the box office.

Allowances must be made for Peter. It is vexatious to the musical temperament, when one is dreaming over the opera score, to be tripped up by a boy and a Christmas tree. Besides, he had felt guilty all day, and when one should be blaming one's self, it is a great relief to blame some one else. Peter knew that at that moment he should be dressed in a white beard and sealskin coat, distributing presents among dirty little children at his sister's Christmas-tree party, over on the middle East Side; but he also knew far more keenly that to night was his last chance of the season to hear his favorite opera—and is not Wagner of more account than many Christmas trees?

Peter got his favorite seat, the cast was excellent and the audience satisfactory—not the kind that hums its way through familiar airs and drowns the orchestra with gross applause. He heard the overture with closed eyes, and throughout the first two acts, from Tannhäuser's awakening in the Venusberg to the departure for Rome, he leaned back in his chair with the averted face, the abstracted, almost careless glance of one who sees beyond the painted cloths into the realm of sheer music.

As the curtain fell he exhaled deeply, then threw on his coat and hurried forth for a breath of fresh air. The snow was falling fast, but he hardly felt it; a wayfarer jostled him, but he did not turn. He was still absorbed in a dazzling kaleidoscope of melody whose tints flashed back and forth through his mind, grouping and interweaving in presage of that great unity of emotion in the last act.

He had turned from Broadway and strode for some distance down a quiet cross street, when he stopped, pulled forth his watch, and wheeled about.

"Ah!" he breathed eagerly, "now for 'The Evening Star,' the ending of the pilgrimage and—the seventh heaven!"

Just opposite, beside some steps, there was a queer, dark thing on the snow. He crossed the street and found it to be a small person half-buried in drifts, curled up, sound asleep within the branches of a bedraggled Christmas tree. He bent over, gazed for a moment, and said: "Humph!" He struck a match and read the tag on the tree, then started for a policeman, but turned back, and, gazing some more, decided on a cab instead. Then he snatched out his watch, clutched his hair, and said: "D—n!" Then he started again, stopped again, and then—

But how should Tannhauser McG. know that his fortunes were wavering between a hospital and home; that he was being roundly cursed for a nuisance, and all because of a beautiful third act? What did he care?

He had strayed into the corner and crept behind his tree, quite discouraged and worn out. But by and by he grew comfortable and warm, and his eyelids drooped deliciously, and through that sense of secure snugness his old faith and placid content came floating back to him. He knew that all would turn out happily as a fairy tale. And at last there drowsed into his mind the inspiration that, since nothing bore fruit until planted, he should forthwith plant his tree; so, smiling at his utter stupidity, he went off and did it. He went in a cab, he thought, for he could hear the wheels rumbling around; and the planting tired him so that in the middle of it he dropped asleep in what must have been his own bed, since somehow his mother's face was bending over him. And he slept and slept, but all through his dreams the tree he had planted kept growing and swelling until it was of stupendous size, and upon its great green surface cornucopias, pink popovers, and silvery fuzzi kept bursting forth, multi-colored candles kept shooting up, a wonderland of toys kept spreading out, until at the very monstrosity of the sight he sprang up with a shout and rubbed his eyes.

It was broad sunlight; his mother bent over him and his little sisters were dancing about the bed, while nearby stood none other than Slovenly Peter in his shirt-sleeves, singing something German, in highly dramatic manner, about a miracle having been performed and a staff having budded. Tannhauser, following his gesture, scrambled out of bed and blinked in amazement. At the further end of the room towered a magnificent thing of green, shimmering glory!

Slowly, step by step, Tannhauser drew near. A moment he paused with drawn breath, then he sank upon his knees and lifted his dazed face to the candle light.

The barren Christmas tree had blossomed!

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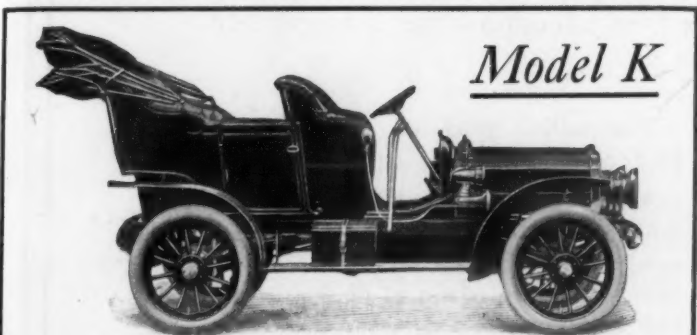
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The Motor starts running by release of elastic Air Pressure on the Inlet Valve, and by the mere switching on of Ignition.

You start the new Model K Winton from the Seat, without "Cranking."—Make a note of that.

Then, the Clutch presses a conical disk on rear end of the Motor Shaft, into a concave disk, on forward end of the Driving Shaft.

That brings two large Contact Surfaces together tightly by slight movement of a hand lever.

Between the Contact surfaces of the two disks a thin film of lubricating oil accumulates, from the oil bath below, whenever the Clutch is disconnected.

When the lever Crows the disk of the driving shaft this is what happens:

The Film of Oil between the contact surfaces makes the motor disk take hold gently against the disk of driving shaft.

Because the oil film lets one disk slip on the face of the other disk but grips it harder at each revolution according as the film of lubricant is squeezed out.

When all the oil has been squeezed out (in a few revolutions) the formerly motionless disk of Driving Shaft has gained an increasing speed equal to that of the Motor-shaft disk.

But it has gained this increasing speed gradually without wrenching or twisting of Shafts, Stripping off Cogs on Gear, or expert "Juggling" by the Driver in order to mesh cog-wheels running at different speeds.

And now, when the film of oil has been entirely squeezed out from between the two metal Contact surfaces, the Two Disks take hold of each other frictionally and firmly, and run thereafter at the same speed until you separate them by means of the Lever.

The "Half-speed" and "Reverse Speed" work on this same elastic, anti-jar principle.

Then there's the multiplied elasticity of the Winton Twin-springs.

These are practically two sets of springs combined in one set.

The Motor and the Car body are suspended primarily from an upper set of very sensitive springs that respond instantly to every slight roughness of the road, with light loads or heavy loads.

This upper set of sensitive springs takes fully half the work off the Pneumatic tires, and also protects the Motor and Mechanism of the Car from vibration and shock.

But, beneath the sensitive upper springs there is a set of strong Auxiliary springs which support the upper set of sensitive springs when they sag down under heavy loads or bounce excessively on rough roads.

These Auxiliary springs take up the work only when it is too much for the light, elastic, and more sensitive, primary springs.

The result is a smooth resilience of wide range, that permits swift running over rough roads with safety, and with comfort even in the Tonneau.

The 33° degree of Smooth-running, Solid-comfort, and Noiselessness, is secured by adding to these three elastic features one more.

That feature is the big 34-inch Pneumatic Tires, that bridge over ruts in the road without dropping into them.

These big Tires mean more power to the Driving Wheels, less vibration, and less pressure per square inch on air-inflated rubber.

And further, these big Tires last twice as long as the same tires would last without the responsive action of the light primary set of Winton Twin-springs, which in reality perform the very work the Tires would have had to do with ordinary springs.

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—Thirty horse-power—or better.

—So cool that it evaporates only one quart of water per week.

—So accessible that every working part can be exposed to view in a minute.

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—It has an infallible Ignition System from the Seat, without cranking.

—It has also a powerful Front Axle of Manganese Bronze, cast in one piece, without the usual Welding of Steel Axles, and the consequent probable misfit of the steering Mechanism resulting from that Welding.

—It has a fine surplus of Reserve Power, which takes it up very steep hills on the "high-speed" gear, and enables it to do every kind of road work, even with heavy loads, without taxing or over-heating the Motor.

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Our Auto Book tells all about it. Write for copy.

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Why Boiled Coffee Wrecks The Nerves



HAVE you ever read Robert Louis Stevenson's great book, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? In which Stevenson vividly describes a man who at times lived the best of lives, and at other times became a fiend incarnate?

Stevenson simply depicted one class of human nature in that book of his. A trifle exaggerated, to be sure, but nevertheless based on fact.

Now Dame Nature has an unhappy faculty of mixing just a strange combination



tions of Good and Bad in Plant Life as she does in Human Life.

Take the Coffee Bean, for instance.

The good, or Dr. Jekyll elements in Coffee are those which have food value—and mellow taste—which make it a healthful Brain and Nerve Strengthening.

These elements are contained in the soft inside part of the Bean.

The Bad—the sinister Hyde element, and which text-books call Tannin—is contained in the fibrous outside shell of the Bean.

You know Tannin isn't found in the Coffee Bean alone. They also get this same Tannin from Oak and Hemlock Trees, and they use it to tan cowhides with—that's why they call it Tanning.

For, you see, Tannin is such a strong, bitter acid that it eats the flesh from the hides and just leaves the tissue of the skin behind in a preserved condition—turns the hides into tough leather, in other words—

Yet this injurious acid is slowly eating out the tender mucous lining of your stomach and injuring the nerves centered in the stomach every time you drink coffee that has boiled.

Why? because boiling water alone extracts the Tannin from the fibrous woody skin of the Coffee Bean in which it is contained! Can you wonder, then, that the kind of Coffee you drink—which contains Tannin because it is boiled—makes you nervous, affects your heart and causes indigestion?

Now, there is a way of separating the Good from the Bad in Coffee—the Jekyll and Hyde—a way which obtains all the delicious taste and fragrance and all the health-giving properties of real coffee without any injurious Tannin.

And that way is—by making Coffee with water that hasn't boiled or isn't boiling. For, as we have said before, boiling water alone can release the Tannin, since it is contained only in the woody fibrous skin of the coffee bean, but water which is not boiling, although it may be hot, cannot affect the woody fibre so as to extract the Tannin.

Now the nutritious, healthful and taste-pleasing elements being all in the soft inside part of the coffee bean, water need not boil to very readily extract every particle of them.

How is this done, you ask? Just note the illustration of the

"Universal" Coffee Percolator

To make coffee, first place the ground coffee in the cup at the top of the pot. Then fill the lower part of the pot with cold water.

See that tube extending from the bottom of the pot right to the top of the cup?

Well, this tube is hollow, and at its lower end there is a valve which fits on an air-tight base.

As soon as you place the tube in the pot, it fills with some of the water you have put there. The valve at the lower end of the tube also contains water.

Just put the pot on a gas or any other stove, turn on your heat and the Percolator is ready for making the healthiest, most delicious cup of coffee you ever tasted.

You see, the heat turns the small bubble of water in the valve into steam almost immediately.

This steam forces the cold water in the tube into the cup containing the coffee grounds. Then this water in turn drips through the coffee in the cup into the pot beneath, carrying with it the Caffeine and other fragrant elements of the bean but never releasing the injurious acid—Tannin.

Because the beneficial and fragrant elements being in the soft part of the bean can be extracted with cold water, while the Tannin being in the hard or woody part of the bean requires boiling to extract.

Now, when all the water in the tube has been forced into the cup, the tube fills up again with cold water from the pot.

This process of forcing water into the cup containing the coffee keeps repeating

itself, while the water in the pot gradually heats, but need not boil before being ready to serve, so that none of the Tannin need be released—and as the coffee is thoroughly made before steam is given off, none of its strength and freshness is lost.

Thus, in 12 minutes, the Universal Percolator makes coffee, as hot as you can drink it, containing all the deliciously fragrant elements of the Coffee, and absolutely free from the injurious acids.

So you can easily understand why, if you quit boiling coffee, as you must with all ordinary coffee makers, and use only the Universal Percolator, you will be able to drink all the rich, fragrant, beneficial coffee you want without ever being made nervous, bilious or dyspeptic.

Each Universal Percolator is made of pure Aluminum—has a glass top which enables you to tell accurately when your coffee is made—and a non-heat conducting, genuine ebony handle.

Your local dealer should have them in stock. They are sold at \$3.00 to \$5.00, according to size.

Be sure you get the Universal Percolator. All other Coffee Makers boil Coffee and extract Tannin—the bad part of the bean.

We will gladly send you our free book on the Universal Percolator. It will tell you why you get no Tannin in Coffee made by the Universal Percolator, and it also contains several practical and very fine recipes for making good coffee. Address: LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, 106 Commercial St., New Britain, Conn.

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This Bag Successor to the Hot-Water Bag

The most wonderful discovery of the century: a bag that is hot in half a minute without fire or hot water.

A bag that stores heat for future use; prepare the bag when you have a fire and no pain, use the bag when you have a pain and no fire.

A bag that gives a dry, even, long-continued, soothing, vitalizing heat at any hour, night or day.

A bag that will not burst at the seams; that is never cold or clammy; that will outlast several ordinary hot-water bags; that is guaranteed to satisfy or money back.

Let your Christmas gift be a Thermalite Bag—the most comforting and valuable article a little money can buy.

JOHN W. WALKER says: "There will be a Thermalite Bag in every home in the land."

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Rambler

Cars of steady service for 1906

IN SELECTING our line for the coming season it was early decided that Surreys, Types One and Two, were beyond any question of retirement and that but few improvements were possible. Therefore, these models with some slight alterations will be continued. To these are added Type Three, which is practically an elaboration of Type One, the power plant and chassis remaining the same, except somewhat lengthened to accommodate a larger and longer body.

These models are equipped with the tried and proven Rambler power plant, comprising our double opposed motor and planetary pattern transmitting gear, and are too well known to the trade and public to require extended description at this time.

Prices: Type One \$1,200, Type Two \$1,650, Type Three \$1,350, all with full equipment of lamps, horns, tools, etc.

"*The Latest of the Ramblers*," the strictly 1906 product, comprises four models. Model Fourteen is a modern medium weight touring car equipped with a four-cylinder vertical motor 20-25 horse power, with sliding type transmitting gear, giving three forward speeds and reverse.

Final drive is by propeller shaft and bevel gear to the differential on the rear axle.

A notable feature is the method of connecting and bracing this shaft in which the universal joint is at the forward end and is entirely enclosed, running in an oil bath.

The external design is along most modern lines with a wheel base of 106 inches.

The selling price of this model is \$1,750 with complete equipment.

Model Fifteen is a heavier car with similar but more powerful equipment, the motor being 35-40 horse power and the final drive by individual chain to each rear wheel. The body is practically the same as in Type Fourteen but longer and larger, the wheel base being 112 inches.

Model Sixteen is a most luxuriously appointed Limousine on the Model Fifteen chassis, selling at \$3,500.

The Rambler runabout for 1906 is a fitting heir to the reputation gained by the earlier Ramblers of this type. It is equipped with a double opposed motor of 10-12 horse power, placed longitudinally in the frame and driving through the Rambler planetary gear. As a Runabout with 3 inch tires it will sell at \$800 and with detachable tonneau and 3 1-2 inch tires at \$950.

Catalogue and full descriptive matter will be mailed upon request, but a careful personal examination of these cars at our various branches and agencies, will convince you that whatever may be your requirement, in service or price, the Rambler is the car you need.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Co.

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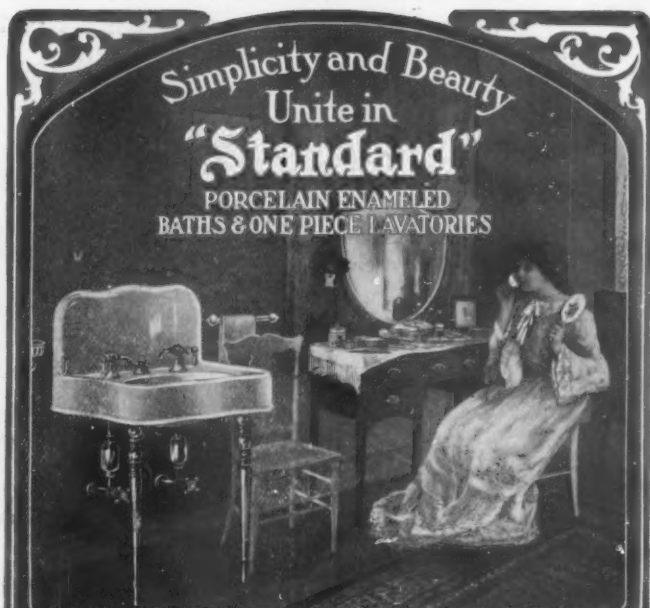
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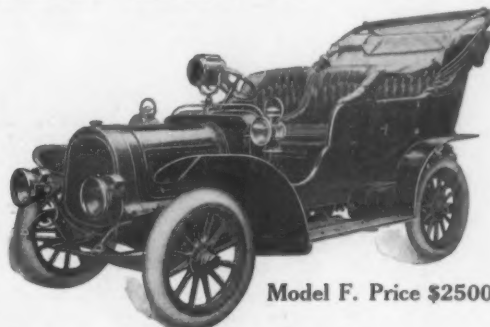
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